THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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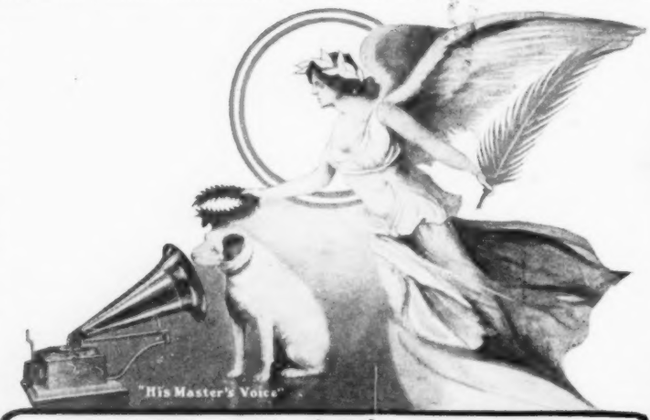

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EN PASSANT

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

TROUBLE began the moment he saw her. They encountered one another under the electric lights in the wooden labyrinth which forms the ferry terminal of the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad, she hastening one way, he hurrying the opposite. There was ample room for them to pass each other; it may have been because she was unusually pretty, it may have been his absent-mindedness, but he made one of those mistakes which everybody makes once in a lifetime: he turned to the left, realized what he was doing, wheeled hastily to the right—as she, too, turned—only to meet her face to face, politely dodge, meet again, lose his head and begin a heart-breaking contra-dance, until, vexed and bewildered, she stood perfectly still, and he, redder than she, took the opportunity to slink past her and escape.

"Hey!" said a sarcastic voice, as, blinded with chagrin, he found himself attempting to force a locked wooden gate. "You want to go the other way, unless you're hunting for the third rail."

"No, I don't," he said wrathfully; "I want to go uptown."

"That's what I said; you want to go the other way, even if you don't know where you want to go," yawned the gateman disdainfully.

The young man, whose name was Seabury, collected his scattered wits and gazed about him. Being a New Yorker, and acquainted with the terminal labyrinth, he very quickly discovered his error, and, gripping suit-case and golf-bag more firmly, he turned and retraced his steps at the natural speed of a good New Yorker, which is a sort of a meaningless lope.

Jammed into the familiar ticket line, he peered ahead through the yellow glare of light and saw the charming girl with whom he had danced his foolish contra-dance just receiving her ticket from the boxed automaton. He also, to his satisfaction, observed her disappear through the turnstile into the crush surging forward alongside of the cars, and, when he presently deposited his own ticket in the chopper's box, he had no more expectation of ever again seeing her than he had of doing something again to annoy and embarrass her.

But even in Manhattan Destiny works sometimes, and Fate gets busy in a manner that no man knoweth; and so, personally though invisibly conducted, Seabury lugged his suit-case and golf-bag aboard a train, threaded his way into a stuffy car and took the only empty seat remaining; and a few seconds later, glancing casually at his right-hand neighbor, he blushed to find himself squeezed into a seat beside his unusually attractive partner in the recent contra-dance.

That she had already seen him, the calm indifference in her blue eyes, the poise of her flushed face, were evidence conclusive.

He shrank back, giving her all the room he could, set his bag of golf-clubs between his knees, and looked blankly innocent. First, as all New Yorkers do, he read the line of advertisements opposite with the usual personal sense of resentment; then he carelessly scanned the people across the aisle. As usual, they resembled everybody he had never noticed particularly; he fished out the evening paper, remembered that he had read it on the ferryboat, stuck it into his golf-bag, and contemplated the battered ends of his golf-clubs.

Station after station flashed yellow lamps along the line of car windows; passengers went and passengers took their places; in one of the streets below he caught a glimpse of a fire engine vomiting sparks and black smoke; in another an ambulance with a squalid assemblage crowded around it and a policeman emerging from a drug store.

He had pretty nearly succeeded in forgetting the girl and his mortification; he cast a calmly casual glance over his well-fitting trousers and shoes. The edge of a shoe-lace lay exposed, and he leisurely remedied this untidy accident, leaning over and tying the lace securely with a double knot.

Fourteenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-third, ran the stations. He gathered his golf-bag instinctively and sat alert, prepared to rise and leave the car with dignity.

"Twenty-eighth!" It was his station. Just as he rose the attractive girl beside him sprang up, and at the same instant his right leg was violently jerked from under him and

"HOW DARED YOU?" SHE FALTERED, CRIMSON TO THE ROOTS OF HER HAIR

he sat down in his seat with violence. Before he comprehended what had happened, the girl, with a startled exclamation, fell back into her seat, and he felt a spasmodic wrench at his foot again.

Astonished, he struggled to rise once more, but something held him—his foot seemed to be caught; and as he turned he encountered her bewildered face and felt another desperate tug which brought him suddenly into his seat again.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked.

"I—I don't know," she stammered; "my shoe seems to be tied to yours."

"Tied!" he cried, bending down in a panic, "wasn't that my shoe-lace?" His golf-bag fell, he seized it and set it against the seat between them. "Hold it a moment," he groaned. "I tied your shoe-lace to mine!"

"You tied it!" she repeated furiously.

"I saw a shoe-lace—I thought it was mine—I tied it fast—in a d-d-double knot——"

"How dared you?" she faltered, crimson to the roots of her hair.

"Great Heavens, madam! I didn't want to do it! I'll fix it in a moment——"

"Don't," she whispered fiercely; "the people opposite are looking at us! Do you wish to hold us both up to ridicule?" He straightened up, thoroughly flurried.

"But—this is my station——" he began.

"It is mine, too. I'd rather sit here all night than have those people see you untie your shoe from mine! How—how dared you——"

"I've explained that I didn't dare do anything," he retorted, dropping into the breathless undertone in which she spoke. "Happening to glance down, I saw a shoe-lace end and thought my shoe was untied——"

She looked at him scornfully.

"And I tied it tight, that's all. I'm horribly mortified; this is the second time I've appeared to disadvantage——"

"People in New York usually turn to the right; even horses——"

"I doubt," he said, "that you can make me feel much worse than I feel now, but it's a sort of a dreadful relief to know what a fool you think me."

She said nothing, sitting there, cooling her hot face in the breeze from the forward door; he, numbed with chagrin, stole an apprehensive glance at the passengers opposite. Nobody appeared to have observed their plight, and he ventured to say so in a low voice.

"Are you certain?" she asked, her own voice not quite steady.

"Perfectly. Look! Nobody is eying our feet."

Her own small feet were well tucked up under her gown; she instinctively drew them farther in; he felt a little tug; they both colored furiously.

"This is simply unspeakable," she said, looking straight ahead of her through two bright tears of mortification.

"Suppose," he whispered, "you edge your foot a trifle this way—I think I can cut that knot with my penknife——" He glanced about him stealthily. "Shall I try?"

"Not now. Wait until those people go."

"But some of them may live in Harlem."

"I—I can't help it. Do you suppose I'm going to let you lean over before all those people and try to untie our shoes?"

"Do you mean to sit here until they're all gone?" he asked, appalled.

"I do. Terrible as the situation is, we've got to conceal it."

"Even if some of them go to the end of the line?"

"I don't care!" She turned on him with a hint of that pretty fierceness again. "Do you know what you've done? You've affronted and mortified me and humiliated me beyond endurance. I have a guest to dine; I shall not arrive before midnight!"

"Do you suppose," he said miserably, "that anything you say can add to my degradation? Can't you imagine how a man must feel who first of all makes a four-footed fool of himself before the most attractive girl he——"

"Don't say that!" she cried hotly.

"Yes, I will! You are! And I dodged and tumbled about like a headless chicken and ran into the wrong gate. I wish I'd climbed out on the third rail! And then, when I hoped I'd never see you again, I found myself beside you, and—Good Heavens! I seem to lose no time in beginning my capers again and doing the most abandoned deed a man ever accomplished on earth!"

She appeared to be absorbed in contemplation of a breakfast-food advertisement; her color was still high; at times she worried her under lip with her white teeth, but her breath rose and fell under the fluffy bosom of her gown with more regularity, and the two bright tears in her eyes had dried unshed. Wrath may have dried them.

"I wish it were possible," he said very humbly, "for you to see the humor——"

"Humor!" she repeated menacingly.

"No—I didn't mean that, I meant the—the——"

"You did! You meant the humor of the situation. I will answer you. I do not see the humor of it!"

"You are quite right," he admitted, looking furtively at the edge of her gown which concealed his right foot. "It is, as you say, simply ghastly to be tied together by the feet. Don't you suppose I could—without awakening suspicion—cut the—the laces with a penknife?"

"I beg you will attempt nothing whatever until this car is empty."

"Certainly," he said. "I will do anything in the world I can to spare you."

She did not reply, and he sat there nervously balanced on the edge of his seat, watching the lights of Harlem flash into

view below. He had been hungry; he was no longer. Appetite had been succeeded by a gnawing anxiety. Again and again warm waves of shame overwhelmed him, alternating with a sort of wild-eyed pity for the young girl who sat so rigidly beside him, flushed face averted. Once a mad desire to laugh seized him; he wondered whether it might be a premonition of hysteria, and shuddered. It did not seem as though he could possibly endure it another second to be tied by the foot to this silently suffering and lovely companion.

"Do you think," he said hoarsely, "at the next station that if we rose together — and kept step ——"

She shook her head.

"A — a sort of lock-step," he explained timidly.

"I would if I thought it possible," she replied under her breath; "but I dare not. Suppose you should miss step! You are likely to do anything if it's only sufficiently foolish."

"You could take my arm and pretend you are my lame wi — er — sister," he ventured.

"Suppose the train started. Suppose, by any one of a thousand possible accidents, you should become panic-stricken. What sort of a spectacle would we furnish the passengers of this car? No! No! No! The worst of it is almost over. My guest is there — astounded at my absence. Before I am even half-way back to Twenty-eighth Street she will have become sufficiently affronted to leave the house. I might as well go on to the end of the road." She turned toward him hastily: "Where is the end of this road?"

"Somewhere in the Bronx, I believe," he said vaguely.

"That is hours from Twenty-eighth Street, isn't it?"

"I believe so."

The train whirled on; stations were far between, now. He sat so silent, so utterly broken and downcast, that after a long while she turned to him with a hint of softness in her stern reserve.

"Of course," she said, "I do not suppose you deliberately intended to tie our feet together. I am not absurd. But the astonishment, the horror of finding what you had done exasperated me for a moment. I'm cool enough now; besides, it is perfectly plain that you are the sort of man one is — is accustomed to know."

"I hope not!" he said devoutly.

"Oh, I mean ——" She hesitated, and the glimmer of a smile touched her eyes, instantly extinguished, however.

"I understand," he said. "You mean that it's lucky your shoe-laces are tied to the shoe-lace of a man of your own caste. I hope to Heaven you may find a little comfort in that."

"I do," she said, with the uncertain violet light in her eyes again. "It's bad enough, goodness knows, but I — I am very sure you did not mean ——"

"You are perfectly right; I mean well, as they say of all chumps. And the worst of it is," he added wildly, "I never before knew that I was a chump! I never before saw any symptoms. Would you believe me, I never in all my life have been such an idiot as I was in those first few minutes that I crossed your path. How on earth to account for it; how to explain, to ask pardon, to — to ever forget it! As long as I live I shall wake at night with the dreadful chagrin burning my ears off. Isn't it the limit? And I — I shouldn't have felt so crushed if it had been anybody excepting you ——"

"I do not understand," she said gravely.

"I do," he muttered.

The conversation dropped there: she gazed thoughtfully out upon the Teutonic magnificence of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street by gaslight; he, arms folded, relapsed into bitter contemplation of the breakfast-food. So immersed he became in the picture of an unctuous little boy stuffing himself to repletion under the admiring smirk of a benevolent parent that he forgot his manacles, and attempting to stretch his cramped leg, returned to his senses in a hurry.

"I think," she suggested quietly, "that, if you care to stretch, I wouldn't mind it, either. Can you do it discreetly?"

"I'll try," he said in a whisper. "Shall I count three?"

She nodded.

"One, two, three," he counted, and they cautiously changed positions.

"I now know how the Siamese twins felt," he said sullenly. "No wonder they died young."

She laughed — a curious, uncertain little laugh that was one of the most agreeable sounds he had ever heard.

"I take it for granted," he said, "that you will always cherish for me a wholesome and natural hatred."

"I shall never see you again," she replied simply.

That silenced him for a while; he fished about in his intellect to find mitigating circumstances. There were none that he knew of.

"Suppose — under pleasanter auspices, we should some day meet?" he suggested.

"We never shall."

"How do you know?"

"It is scarcely worth while speculating upon such an improbability," she said coldly.

"But — suppose ——"

She turned toward him. "You desire to know what my attitude would be toward you?"

"Yes, I do."

"It would be one of absolutely amiable indifference — if you really wish to know," she said so sweetly that he was quite sure his entire body shrank at least an inch.

SHE WAS STANDING BY THE MIRROR — HIS OWN MIRROR — TOUCHING HER EYES WITH HER LACE HANDKERCHIEF

"By the way," she added, "the last passenger has left this car."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, sitting bolt upright. "Now's our time. Would you mind ——"

"It is the very greatest pleasure," she said with composure; "please count one, two, three."

He counted; there came a discreet movement, and from under the hem of her gown there appeared a dainty shoe, accompanied by a larger masculine companion. He bent down, his fingers seemed to be all thumbs, and he grew redder and redder.

"Perhaps I can do it," she said, stripping off her gloves and bending over. A stray tendril of bright hair brushed his cheek as their heads almost came together.

"Goodness, what a dreadful knot!" she breathed, her smooth fingers busy. The perfume of her hair, her gloves, her gown troubled him; he looked at her face, now flushed with effort; his eyes fell on her delicate hands, her distractingly pretty foot, in its small, polished shoe.

"Patience," she said calmly; "this knot must give way ——"

"If it doesn't ——"

"Madness lies that way," she breathed. "Wait! Don't dare to move your foot!"

"We are approaching a station; shall I cut it?" he asked.

"No — wait! I think I have solved it. There!" she cried with a breathless laugh. "We are free!"

There was not an instant to lose, for the train had already stopped; they arose with one accord and hurried out into the silvery Harlem moonlight — which does not, perhaps, differ from normal moonlight, although it seemed to him to do astonishing tricks with her hair and figure there on the deserted platform, turning her into the loveliest creature he had ever seen in all his life.

"There ought to be a train pretty soon," he said cheerfully.

She did not answer.

"Do you mind my speaking to you now that we are ——"

"Untethered?" she said with a sudden little flurry of laughter. "Oh, no; why should I care what happens to me now, after taking a railroad journey tied to the shoestrings of an amiable stranger?"

"Please don't speak so — so heartlessly ——"

"Heartlessly? What have hearts to do with this evening's lunacy?" she asked coolly.

He had an idea, an instinctive premonition, but it was no explanation to offer her.

Far away up the track the starlike headlight of a train glittered; he called her attention to it, and she nodded. Neither spoke for a long while; the headlight grew larger and yellower; the vicious little train came whizzing in, slowed, halted with a jolt. He put her aboard and followed into a car absolutely empty save for themselves. When they had gravely seated themselves side by side she looked around at him and said without particular severity: "I can see no reason for our going back together; can you?"

"Yes," he answered with such inoffensive and guileless conviction that she was silent.

He went on presently: "Monstrous as my stupidity is, monumental ass as I must appear to you, I am, as a matter of fact, rather a decent fellow — the sort of man a girl need not flay alive to punish."

"I do not desire to punish you. I do not expect to know you ——"

"Do you mean 'expect,' or 'desire'?"

"I mean both, if you insist." There was a sudden glimmer in her clear eyes that warned him; but he went on.

"I beg you to give me a chance to prove myself not such a clown as you think me."

"But I don't think about you at all!" she explained.

"Won't you give me a chance?"

"How?"

"Somebody you — we both know — I mean to say ——"

"You mean, will I sit here and compare notes with you to find out whether we both know Tom, Dick and Harry? No, I will not."

"I mean — so that — if you don't mind — somebody can vouch for me ——"

"No," she said decisively.

"I mean — I would be so grateful — and I admire you tremendously ——"

"Please do not say that."

"No — I won't, of course; I don't admire anybody, and I didn't dream of being offensive — only — I — now that I've known you ——"

"You don't know me," she observed icily.

"No — of course, I don't know you at all; I'm only talking to you ——"

"A nice comment upon us both," she observed; "could anything be more horribly common?"

"But, being tied together, how could we avoid talking about it?" he pleaded. "When you're tied up like that to a person, it's per — permitted to speak, you know ——"

"We talked entirely too much," she said with decision. "Now we are not tied at all, and I do not see what decent excuse we can have for conversing about anything. . . . Do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"What excuse?" she asked.

"Well, for one thing, a sense of humor. A nice spectacle we should be, you in one otherwise empty car, I in another, bored to death ——"

"Do you think," she said impatiently, "that I require anybody's society to save myself from ennui?"

"No — but I require ——"

"That is impertinent!"

"I didn't mean to be; you must know that!" he said.

She looked out of the window.

"I wonder," he began in a cheerful and speculative tone, taking courage from her silence — "I wonder whether you know ——"

"I will not discuss people I know with you," she said.

"Then let us discuss people I know," he rejoined amiably.

"Please don't."

"Please let me ——"

"No."

"Are you never going to forgive me?" he asked.

"I shall forget," she said meaningly.

"Me?"

"Certainly."

"Please don't ——"

"You are always lingering dangerously close to the border of impertinence," she said. "I do not wish to be rude or ungracious. I have been unpardonably annoyed, and — when I consider my present false situation — I am annoyed still more. Let me be unmistakably clear and concise; I do not feel any — anger — toward you; I have no feeling whatever toward you; and I do not ever expect to see you again. Let it rest so. I will drop you my best courtesy when you lift your hat to me at Twenty-ninth Street. Can a guilty man ask more?"

"Your punishment is severe," he said, flushing.

"My punishment? Who am I punishing, if you please?"

"Me."

"What folly! I entertain no human emotions toward you; I have no desire to punish you. How could I punish you — if I wished to?"

"By doing what you are doing."

"And what is that?" she asked rather softly.

"Denying me any hope of ever knowing you."

"You are unfair," she said, biting her scarlet lip. "I do not deny you that 'hope,' as you choose to call it. Consider a moment. Had you merely seen me on the train you could not have either hoped or even desired ever to know me. Suppose for a moment" — she flushed, but her voice was cool and composed — "suppose you were attracted to me — thought me agreeable to look at? You surely would never have dreamed of speaking to me and asking such a thing. Why, then, should you take unfair advantage of an accident and ask it now? You have no right to — nor have I to accord to you what you say you desire."

She spoke very sweetly, meeting his eyes without hesitation.

"May I reply to you?" he asked soberly.

"Yes—if you wish."

"You will not take it as an affront?"

"Not—not if——" She looked at him. "No," she said.

"Then this is my reply: Wherever I might have seen you I should instantly have desired to know you. That desire would have caused you no inquietude; I should have remained near you without offense, perfectly certain in my own mind that somehow and somewhere I must manage to know you; and to that end—always without offense, and without your knowledge—I should have left the train when you did, satisfied myself where you lived, and then I should have scoured the city, and moved heaven and earth to find the proper person who might properly ask your permission to receive me. That is what I should have done if I had remained thirty seconds in the same car with you. . . . Are you offended?"

"No," she said.

They journeyed on for some time, saying nothing; she, young face bent, sensitive lips adroop, perhaps considering what he had said; he, cradling his golf-sticks, trying to keep his eyes off her and succeeding very badly.

"I wonder what your name is?" she said, looking up at him.

"James Seabury," he replied so quickly that it was almost pathetic.

She mused, frowning a little: "Where have I heard your name?" she asked with an absent-minded glance at him.

"Oh—er—around, I suppose," he suggested vaguely.

"But I have heard it. Are you famous?"

"Oh, no," he said quickly. "I'm a business man, or ought to be. Fact is, I'm so confoundedly busy golfing, and sailing, and fishing, and shooting, and hunting that I have very little time for business."

"What a confession!" she exclaimed, laughing outright; and the beauty that transfigured her took his breath away. When he recovered it he said: "I'm not a safe man to put in business; the other fellows always get everything away from me; I haven't the heart to take anything from them. I disgusted all my family and they made me stop: case of self-preservation, I suppose."

"I am employed," she said calmly, looking at him.

"Are you?" he said, astonished.

"So, you see," she added gayly, "I should have very little time to see anybody——"

"You mean me?"

"Yes, you, for example."

"You don't work all the while, do you?" he asked, laughing.

"Usually."

"All the time?"

"I dine—at intervals."

"That's the very thing!" he said with enthusiasm.

She looked at him gravely.

"Don't you see," he went on, "as soon as you'll let me know you my sister will call, and then you'll call, and then my sister will invite——"

She was suddenly laughing again—a curious laugh, quite free and unguarded.

"Of course, you'll tell your sister how we met," she suggested; "she'll be so anxious to know me when she hears all about it."

"Do you suppose," he said coolly, "that I don't know one of my own caste whenever or however I happen to meet her?"

"Men cannot always tell; I grant you women seldom fail in placing one another at first glance; but men are not fine of instinct. . . . Besides, I told you I was employed."

"What of it? Even if you wore the exceedingly ornamental uniform of a parlor-maid you could not worry me," he said.

"Do you think your sister would hasten to call on a saleswoman at Blumenshine's?" she asked carelessly.

"Nobody wants her to," he retorted, amused.

"Or on a parlor-maid—for example?"

"Let her see you first; you can't shock her after that. . . . Are you?" he inquired gently—so gently, so pleasantly, that she gave him a swift look that set his heart galloping.

"Do you really desire to know me?" she asked. But before he could answer she sprang up, saying: "Good gracious! This is Twenty-eighth Street! It seems impossible!"

He could not believe it, either, but he fled after her, suit-case and golf-bag swinging; the gates slammed, they descended the stairs and emerged on Twenty-eighth Street.

"I live on Twenty-ninth Street," she said; "shall we say good-by here?"

"I should think not!" he replied with a scornful decision that amazed her, but curiously enough did not offend her. They walked up Twenty-eighth Street to Fifth Avenue, crossed, turned north under the white flare of electricity, then entered Twenty-ninth Street slowly, side by side, saying nothing.

She halted at the portal of an old-fashioned house which had been turned into an apartment hotel—a great brown-stone mansion set back from the street. A severely respectable porter in livery appeared and bowed to her, but when his apoplectic eyes encountered Seabury's his shaven jaw dropped and a curious spasm appeared to affect his knees.

She did not notice it; she turned to Seabury and, looking him straight in the face, held out her hand.

"Good-night," she said. "Be chivalrous enough to find out who I am—without sacrificing me. . . . You—you have not displeased me."

He took her hand, held it a moment, then released it.

"I live here," he said calmly.

A trifle disconcerted, she searched his face. "That is curious," she said uneasily.

"Oh, not very. I have bachelor apartments here; I've been away from town for three months. Here is my pass-key," he added, laughing, and to the strangely paralyzed porter he tossed his luggage with a nod and a pleasant: "You didn't expect me for another month, William, did you?"

"That explains it," she said smiling, a tint of excitement in her pretty cheeks. "I've only been here for a day or two."

They were entering now, side by side; he followed her into the elevator. The little red-haired boy, all over freckles and gilt buttons, who presided within the cage, gaped in a sort of stupor when he saw Seabury.

"TO—WHAT I SHALL TELL YOU—WHEN I LEARN YOUR NAME!" HE SAID DELIBERATELY

"Well, Tommy," inquired that young gentleman, "what's the matter?"

"What floor?" stammered Tommy, gazing wildly from one to the other.

"The usual one in my case," said Seabury, surprised.

"The usual one in my case," said the girl, looking curiously at the agitated lad. The cage shot up to the third floor; they both rose, and he handed her out. Before either could turn the elevator hurriedly dropped, leaving them standing there together. Then, to the consternation of Seabury, the girl quietly rang at the only apartment on the floor, and the next instant a rather smart-looking English maid opened the door.

Seabury stared; he turned and examined the corridor; he saw the number three on the door of the elevator shaft; he saw the number three over the door.

"There seems to be," he began slowly, "something alarming the matter with me to-night. I suppose—I suppose it's approaching dementia, but do you know that I have a delusion that this apartment is mine?"

"Yours!" faltered the girl, turning pale.

"Well—it was once—before I left town. Either that or incipient lunacy explains my hallucination."

The maid stood at the door gazing at him in undisguised astonishment. Her pretty mistress looked at her, looked at Seabury, turned and cast an agitated glance along the corridor—just in time to catch a glimpse of the curly black whiskers and the white and ghastly face of the proprietor peering at them around the corner. Whiskers and pallor instantly vanished. She looked at Seabury.

"Please come in a moment, Mr. Seabury," she said faintly. He followed her into the familiar room decorated with his own furniture, and lined with his own books, hung with his own pictures. At a gesture from her he seated himself in his own armchair; she sat limply in a chair facing him.

"Are these your rooms?" she asked unsteadily.

"I thought so, once. Probably there's something the matter with me."

"You did not desire to rent them furnished during your absence?"

"Not that I know of."

"And you have returned a month before they expected you, and I—oh, this is infamous!" she cried, clenching her white hands. "How dared that wretched man rent this place to me? How dared he!"

A long and stunning silence fell upon them—participated in by the British maid.

Then Seabury began to laugh. He looked at the maid, he looked at her angry and very lovely young mistress, he looked at the tables littered with typewriters and stationery, he caught sight of his own dining-room with the little table laid for two. His gayety disconcerted her—he rose, paced the room and returned.

"It seems my landlord has tried to turn a thrifty penny by leasing you my rooms!" he said soberly. "Is that it?"

She was close to tears, controlling her voice and keeping her self-possession with a visible effort. "I—I am treasurer and secretary for the new wing to—to St. Berold's Hospital," she managed to say. "We—the women interested, needed an office—we employ several typewriters, and—oh, goodness! What on earth will your sister think!"

"My sister? Why, she's at Seal Harbor——"

"She was there visiting my mother. I came on to town to see our architects; I wired her to come. She—she was to dine with me here to-night! Sherry was notified!"

"My sister?"

"Certainly. What on earth did she think when she found me installed in your rooms? And that's bad enough, but I invited her to dine and go over the hospital matters—she's one of the vice-presidents—and then—then you tied our feet together and it's—what time is it?" she demanded of her maid.

"It is midnight, mem," replied the maid in sepulchral tones.

"Is that man from Sherry's still there?"

"He is, mem."

Her mistress laid her charming head in her hands and covered her agreeable features with a handkerchief of delicate and rather valuable lace.

The silence at last was broken by Seabury addressing the maid: "Is that dinner spoiled?"

"Quite, sir."

Her mistress looked up rather hastily: "Mr. Seabury, you are not going to——"

"Yes, I am; this is the time and the place!" And he rose with decision and walked straight to the kitchen, where a stony-faced individual sat amid the culinary ruins, a statue of despair.

"What I want you to do," said Seabury, "is to fix up a salad and some of the cold duck, and attend to the champagne. Meanwhile I think I'll go downstairs; you see, I have an engagement to kill a man."

However, a moment later he thought better of it; she was standing by the mirror—his own mirror—touching her eyes with her lace handkerchief and patting her hair with the prettiest, whitest hands.

"Kill him? Never: I'll canonize him!" muttered Seabury, enchanted. Behind him he heard the clink of glass and china, the pleasant sound of ice. She heard it, too, and turned.

"Of all the audacity!" she said in a low voice, looking at him under level brows. But there was something in her eyes

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The Other Side of Bribery

It is Often a Case of "Buy Me, or I'll Shoot"

BY WILL PAYNE

PROBABLY there is little use in inquiring whether it was the hen or the egg that came first. But, so long as the matter is receiving much public attention, it may be worth while to give a passing consideration to the egg's side of the case. It has been said many times that corporations and big business interests are the source of political corruption in this country. Since most of the tainted measures deal with the affairs of big business, and since paupers obviously cannot pay bribes, this charge is often thoughtlessly accepted as true, and a great many good citizens form an impression that the big business man begins his day's work by inquiring with anticipatory zest: "Well, whom can we bribe this forenoon?"—complacently rubbing his hands the while.

You have only to ask the first big business man you meet to discover that the fact is pathetically different from this predatory fancy; that the corporation man, so far from setting out gayly to seek whom he may corrupt, does his corrupting most of the time when standing in the corner of his office with the furniture piled in front of him, looking into the mouth of a blunderbuss that has been thrust over the barricade. And the rest of the time he corrupts not because he is worse than his neighbors but because he is no better.

To bring it home, there was Judson, as modest and virtuous and financially insignificant a citizen as ever abhorred bribery and forgot to register. There came a time in the ward when the garbage man simply couldn't see Judson's can, although it overflowed until it was the most conspicuous object in the alley. The good citizen complained to the department, told his trouble to the policeman, and even wrote a letter to the editor, signing it "Chestnut Street." He arose in the night to waylay and upbraid the garbage man, who told him to chase himself for a cheap skate, and drove on. All this cost Judson time, worry and nervous energy. Also the man on the corner lodged a complaint against him for maintaining an unsanitary nuisance, and he got a notice from the health office. It was borne in upon Judson's mind, from these experiences and from the communications of cynical neighbors, that a system of government then obtained in that ward under which there was only one way to get garbage removed. So his flaccid soul succumbed. With a burning and averted face he handed the cook the half-dollar of shame, to be passed along to the corrupt hand of the garbage man. Thereafter, so long as the blood money was forthcoming at reasonable intervals, Judson's can was emptied; but he had become, to the limit of his power, "big business," the source of bribery, the sapper of the Republic, his half-dollars poisoning the stream of liberty at its fount.

Buying the Sheriff's Office

A FEW years ago an ambitious young lawyer with altruistic ideals came up to the city to impress himself upon the larger mass. The impression was slow in the making; but presently, through friends in his home town, he got a case of some little importance, the winning of which was to turn upon the prompt service of an attachment in Sixty-third Street. He procured the attachment and delivered it at the sheriff's office with very particular instructions as to service. Then he went back to his office and waited word from his client, who was keeping watch in Sixty-third Street. A long time elapsed. The impatient client telephoned to the lawyer, and the lawyer, with some temper, telephoned the sheriff's office. He received only a vague and unsatisfactory reply, so he went over there, swollen with righteous indignation. He found his deputy and started criticising him, when the deputy arose from his desk, stood forth in the middle of the room, which contained perhaps a dozen persons, and in loud tones denounced the lawyer for a lobster, a piker, a farmer, and by other metaphors drawn from the mineral and animal kingdoms.

"Do you suppose," said the angry official, "that we ain't got anything to do but hop up and chase ourselves all over town for carfare any minute that some kindergarten lawyer says so? How do you think we're going to make a living?"

The young lawyer sadly reached for his pocketbook, produced a banknote which had been honest, if lonesome, but a moment before, and poisoned the wellsprings with it. Whereupon his attachment was served. He told his story to an experienced legal friend.

"You could," said the friend, "have gone to the court and complained, and the court would no doubt have ordered the process served. Or you could have gone to a newspaper, and the newspaper would have roasted that deputy, the chief deputy, the sheriff, the board of county commissioners and, very likely, the court itself. Or you could sue the deputy to recover the money you paid under duress. But if you did any of these things, being a young and unknown lawyer with other processes to have served, you would probably find it profitable to drop the law business and get a job carrying a hod."

That lawyer is now older. He is still altruistic; but he has more worldly wisdom.

The point is that Judson and the young lawyer, who were as far as possible from being "big business," stood in precisely the same relation to political corruption that most of the men who give larger bribes do—except that they were rather less helpless. As a rule, the bigger the concern is the more helpless it is, for its every act is dependent upon the permission of public authority, and increased size means a larger surface exposed to attack. Take now the case of one of the biggest of concerns.

Blackmail by Ordinance

FORMERLY there was an enterprising band of aldermen in Chicago who did a thriving trade in granting themselves public utility franchises, gas being their favorite. Leading lights in the band were denounced as boodlers in print and in speech time without number; and though nobody was ever convicted, their shoes certainly fitted the tracks in the snow around the ravished hen house. Yet these aldermen were triumphantly reelected by admiring (or indifferent) constituencies many times, and maintained a majority control of the council for a long period. The thing worked as follows:

The alderman from the Ninety-seventh introduces an ordinance granting a franchise to the Helping Hand Gas Company and supports it in a feeling speech which depicts the agonies of the people as they writhe in the tentacles of the Gas Trust. It is the same speech with which he introduced the ordinance for the Humble Home Illuminating Company last year, and that for the Common People's Gas Company the year before. The aldermen from the Ninety-eighth and Ninety-ninth warmly second the measure. They are happy to be able to indorse the assurances of the member from the Ninety-seventh as to the high and philanthropic character of the unnamed gentlemen who compose the Helping Hand Gas Company. This, by the way, they can do with authority, since they and the member from the Ninety-seventh are those same gentlemen. The ordinance is put through. The newspapers cry boodle for a day or two. Some speculative persons with money take an interest in the new company. It begins to tear up the streets, lay pipe, cut prices and offer to sell out to the Trust. Finally the Trust must buy it to protect itself. When election day comes around the members from the Ninety-seventh, Ninety-eighth and Ninety-ninth are returned to the council by handsome majorities, and proceed to pass themselves another franchise—also to be sold out to the Trust.

Please imagine yourself a director of the Gas Trust at this interesting period. It is a pleasure to be able to say that the directors of the Trust during the years referred to were, as a matter of fact, men of the most Spartan virtue who would much rather be ruined than do wrong. But suppose they had been of only ordinary moral fibre, like Judson, who bribed the garbage man, and the young lawyer, who bribed the deputy. They saw the city government handing out ordinances which were mere licenses to blackmail them. And it was not by any manner of means simply a band of corrupt aldermen with whom they had to deal. It was the city itself with all its powers. The letters of marque issued against them bore the great seal. The sovereign people, by their expressed will at the polls, sustained the government which held them up. If they had been wabbly morally, might they not have argued that since the governmental system was so and so it would be simpler and much cheaper to buy off the ingenious aldermen in the first place rather than to wait until they had given themselves the franchise and then be compelled to buy that at an inflated price?

One of these same gas ordinances finally came into the hands of men of as high standing as any in the city, who had gone into gas in an experimental sort of way with a new process. They sold gas, in their restricted territory, cheaper than the Trust, and they proposed, with the new ordinance, to extend the cheap gas area by bringing their pipes downtown, thus giving the public what the ordinance purported to be for the purpose of giving it—namely, a real and live competition in lighting and lower rates. But the legal position happened to be such that before they could do this a further sanction by the city was necessary. It is related that at this juncture a citizen of no official position but of many friends at the seat of government and of much personal charm waited upon the representative of the gas men, assured him that the extension would be a fine thing for the people, and that it could be procured by merely handing over $175,000 in current funds. Again the garbage man. But the gas men declined, and in so doing they were more honest, not only than certain wicked politicians, but than the city which, through its voters, kept the politicians in power.

Another gas incident may prove instructive. The gas companies of Chicago were originally combined in a real, old-fashioned Trust—the capital stock of the various companies being deposited with a common trustee. This plan was declared contrary to law; but the amalgamation of ownership had already been accomplished, and it could not possibly be undone, since all the companies were owned in common by the same lot of certificate-holders. The only reasonable thing to do was to substitute some legal form of common ownership for the trust form which had been declared illegal. So the Trust had introduced a bill at Springfield to permit consolidation into a single corporation. At the same time it devised a method for blocking the aldermanic franchise industry by requiring that the written consent of property owners on the streets where it was proposed to lay mains must be obtained before an ordinance for the laying of such mains be passed—the same provision that obtains with regard to street railroad ordinances. There was no objection on the ground of public policy to these measures, and it was believed that the frontage consent provision, by discouraging corruption in the council, would be of positive public benefit.

But as it happened at this time the Trust was engaged in a fight with the Ogden Gas Company, a "competitive" enterprise which it has since bought. The owners of the Ogden Gas Company were mighty men in local and State politics. The Trust's bill was referred to a minor committee of the house, and it immediately developed that the Ogden Gas men controlled a majority of this committee. So there was no report on the bill. In vain Trust and lobby waved their arms and wrung their hands. The session proceeded, and dust settled in the pigeonhole that held the bill. Before the Trust got the bill reported out it made a bargain with the Ogden company by which it gave it undisturbed possession of a certain territory on the North Side and a tidy sum of money.

How the People Hold Up a Trust

SO HERE were the sovereign people of Illinois, represented in their legislature, saying to the Trust: "No doubt your bill is all right; but you must go over and settle with the Ogden before we take it up."

Experiences of this kind would, presumably, tend to discourage the honesty of many mortals, especially if they found that whatever they asked at the hands of the legislature, whether good, bad or indifferent so far as regards public weal, had to be paid for at the same schedule price. The trust measures just mentioned were in nowise harmful. Yet one of the slanders which not even the good can escape has it

that $1,000,000 in checks had to be sent down to Springfield first and last before these measures became laws.

If this slander were true it would be one of the little ironies of politics that a Trust had to bribe a legislature for a law to save it from having to bribe a city council.

When Mr. Yerkes went to Springfield for an act to extend the franchises of his Chicago street railroads, one of the prime arguments of his supporters was that it would save the companies from the painful necessity of bribing the council. Mr. Yerkes' own newspaper advanced this view, and it was received in all gravity.

It is only fair to say that the council in the old days was not a whit behind the legislature in its readiness to stamp out corruption elsewhere, and that, if it had possessed the power, it would cheerfully have granted to any one having the price an immunity from the necessity of bribing the lawgivers at Springfield.

It had long been asserted that the street railroads habitually bribed the council, and more millions than one are mentioned by the loose-tongued in connection with the Yerkes bills at Springfield; but I have no doubt there was much sincerity in the plea for protection from the temptation to bribe. Men who ought to know, and who are not unduly handicapped by ethical considerations, have expressed grave doubts as to whether, in the end, bribery pays. It is apt to be something of the Frankenstein order that develops an ungrateful disposition to destroy its creator.

As an example, there is the instructive history of the Third Avenue Railroad in New York, which was simply devoured of corruption. It was compelled to make certain improvements and then denied permission to make them except the contracts were placed in a certain way. It is alleged that, along toward the end, entire constituencies were drawing pay as watchmen of the company's property, and that if any man failed to buy a red lantern for forty-nine cents and sell it to the company for nine dollars it was *prima facie* evidence that he was of no political importance. Never was property so prodigiously guarded and lighted and nickel-plated and copper-riveted—until the festal glow of the red lanterns revealed only a capacious hole where the treasury ought to have been.

Robbery by Right of Law

THIS was a case of graft; but there are other instances of the total wreck of like property where there was no boodle or personal corruption, but where the government simply stood it up and beat its brains out in daylight, by due and legal resolution. Some years ago one of the brightest traction men in the country got Chicago capital interested in the development of the trolley lines in three thriving river cities. The enterprise went on promisingly until the cities discovered that they had the power to compel the company to do such paving as they ordered. One downcast stockholder declares that the company had to macadamize the country lanes and put sea-shell borders along the cow-paths. At any rate, when the paving carnival was over the company had to write off every dollar of its capital stock.

Now this cheerful public disposition to "soak" a corporation because it is a corporation can hardly be conducive to strict honesty on the corporation's part. Some time ago the mayor of Chicago and a committee of aldermen proposed to go to New York in order to find out and report to the council whether the elevated ran to Coney Island. They politely invited the Pennsylvania Railroad to put a special train at their disposal. The Pennsylvania replied that it was touched by the evidence of their confidence in it, but, unfortunately, all its special trains had previous engagements. It was then proposed that the council pass certain ordinances which would give the Pennsylvania management so many things to think about that it would forget its chagrin over having no special train. The result was that the very shiniest special on the system was promptly backed into the Union Station, with the compliments of the road.

There was nothing clandestine about this. It was published at length in the newspapers, and so far as one could judge from the comments, the popular position was that the railroad must be courteous to the mayor. If it acted peevishly while its watch was being lifted from its pocket it richly deserved a clout over the head.

When the patrolman reaches the corner fruit-stand he nods good-naturedly to the proprietor, picks out the banana that suits him best and strolls on. The proprietor can object, or he can frown. But he doesn't. He suspects that the pursuit of the fruit trade on that corner might become less pleasant if he did. So he smiles brightly, and, to keep even, works off as many decayed specimens as possible on the next child that comes up with a nickel. I am afraid that this must be more or less the relationship between government and railroads so long as a certificate of election to any office anywhere in America is looked upon as a full-paid, non-assessable warrant to prey upon the public carriers.

The Chicago & Alton's Deadhead Special

AT THE last session of the Illinois Legislature the Chicago & Alton Railroad found its through service at week-ends simply swamped with legislative deadheads, so it put on a special Springfield train for the accommodation of members. There would have been no objection to this; but, using the shallow pretext that people who paid fares should be given a chance to ride on the regular train, the road actually had the effrontery to add that the legislators' passes would be good only on the special. The Cook County and up-State delegations arose in outraged indignation. That a railroad should say that they could ride free—while thoughtfully drawing their mileage—only on a certain train was an insult that self-respecting American statesmanship could not brook. The Alton still turns pale when the incident is mentioned, and experienced persons say that it would probably have been fighting an act to compel it to operate the road on a loop-the-loop principle if it had stuck to that pass order.

Long ago, in one of the great States of the Middle West, there arose an unfortunate difference of opinion as to the extent to which a member of the Legislature was constitutionally entitled to use the rolling stock and motive power of a railroad operating within that State. So—merely to quiet the legislators' title, as one may say—there was introduced a bill providing that the companies must maintain gates at every intersection of a public road with their rights-of-way. This bill was so effective that it was preserved among the State archives. As conveniences of transportation multiplied, with special Pullman cars, special trains, dining-car privileges and longer hauls, it was found advisable from time to time to bring out the gates bill and reintroduce it, and at each reintroduction it simply rained long-haul passes. For many years the introduction of this venerable measure was a regular feature of the session. It was never changed, and it is said that the only change ever proposed was once when a State Senator found some difficulty about getting a special car to take his friends to Mexico. The Senator then advised that the bill be altered so that the gates, instead of crossing the wagon road, would cross the railroad itself, the engineer being required to climb down and open them at every crossing, while the conductor and brakeman kept guard of the highway.

All animal trainers know that it is not necessary to keep on whipping an intelligent beast. After a certain time the mere sight of the gad is sufficient. The horse jumps through the hoop and the elephant mounts the inverted tub when the instrument of punishment is simply held up before it. So, it is said, to this day if you find a railroad official of Ohio—let us say—no matter where he is or what he is doing, and hold up the front page of that gates bill before him, he will instantly reach for a blank pass-book and begin to sign.

The Pass Habit

AFTER all, when one has learned it, the pass is easily given, and the cost of a refusal will probably be out of all proportion to the intrinsic value of the thing demanded. I am told of a case where a Chicago road refused an alderman transportation of the value of merely $100 at regular mileage rates, and had to pay some $2000 before it was through with an investigation of certain of its land titles which the alderman set afoot.

The great objection to this system is that it is so apt to confuse the minds and dull the moral perceptions of the men who run the roads. They find themselves required to hand over so many thousand dollars' worth of service, by way of passes and special trains, to all sorts of official representatives of the public, and there cannot be the slightest doubt in anybody's mind as to the essential condition of the transaction—which is always that the public power with which the officials are clothed will be used kindly or unkindly, according as the passes are given or withheld. There cannot be any other basis, for even the most enthusiastic faith in a universal brotherly love can scarcely go to the point of supposing that the breasts of the 50,000 stockholders who compose the railroad company are animated by sentiments of personal tenderness for the several hundred members of a State Legislature. Yet the thing is done regularly and in broad daylight.

There is nothing more demoralizing than to fall under the habit of being held up. The operation may for a time be confined to your watch and scarfpin; but you get into that dejected and callous state of mind where you care very little if it extend to your pocketbook. We are told that it does extend to the pocketbook; but the extension seems to be a matter of difference in degree only, not in kind. It is all part of a system the dishonesty of which must be shouldered by the whole public.

Happily, conditions are improving in various directions. There have been several upheavals that have rather tended to take boodling out of the category of profitable jokes. So some city governments are becoming much more honest. This is true of Chicago, and I could cite line and page where big business has demonstrated its readiness to meet the change more than half-way.

For example, an elevated road had passed through bankruptcy and reorganization. It had no adequate terminal downtown and was operated in an antiquated, unsatisfactory fashion by steam locomotives. The first care of the new owners was greatly to improve its public serviceability, putting in electrical operation in place of steam, and providing proper terminal facilities. The improvements meant a large additional investment, and their first effect would obviously be to double the usefulness of the line as a public carrier. The time came when, to complete the improvements, an ordinance was necessary permitting the road to traverse an alley—hardly more than a few feet. An intimation was sent around that certain aldermen, highly sensible of the public benefit to be conferred, would take their share in a concrete form. The directors said no, and by firmness, patience and skill in presenting their case got their ordinance with clean hands. But they never could have got it in that way except that there had been an improvement in the character of the council. There had been times when they would have been left to the choice of giving bribes or foregoing the completion of their improvements, which would have meant not only a large loss to themselves and their stockholders but to the public itself.

The Creature of the People

THESE particular directors, of course, would have accepted the loss. Some others would have argued thus: "This railroad is the creature and servant of the people, subject to the government which they elect. They have elected a government which makes it a condition of operation that we pay certain sums to certain men. We bow to the popular will. The boodle will be distributed at 2:30 at the captain's office."

And suppose this had been in the gang days and the honest directors had determined to remain honest. The road would have earned no dividends. There would have been no return on an investment of more than $10,000,000. The stock would have declined—and then with what looks of gloomy reproach would the honest stockholders have regarded their honest directors!

These stockholders were personally honest, you understand; but there is a certain objectiveness about declining quotations and diminishing dividends that no subjective consideration can quite reconcile a normal stockholding soul to. No stockholder would have specifically approved bribery. If the directors had laid the shameful proposition before an annual meeting it would have been voted down with unanimous indignation. Then the stockholders would have filed out and confided to one another the opinion that the directors were blockheads.

The question of bribery never is laid before stockholders or directors. You might creep into the boardroom of a corporation that was engaged in buying a Legislature and hear only the most innocent talk. There is always somebody—usually in the legal department—whose judgment as to the legitimate expenses of the lobby is accepted. The president authorizes a large increase in legal expenses, or they may charge it up to construction. Nobody knows what becomes of the money, least of all the stockholders whose money it actually is. They do not even know that money is being spent—and they don't wish to know.

It is wonderful how thin a partition will serve to keep the nerve of the pocketbook quite separate from the remainder of the system. The grossest acts of corruption have been proved against corporations without causing a flutter in the

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SEEKING INVESTMENT

How the Stenographer Discovered the Difference Between Precept and Practice

BY GEORGE CARLING

"SO THIS HOLE SHALL BE MY EDUCATIONAL SPIGOT"

SOME little time after I had been promoted to the position of stenographer to the president of the Granbury Furniture Company I commenced to feel that thirst for knowledge which every earnest and ambitious young man should feel.

My typewriter was in a little office next to the president's room, but whenever any matter was being discussed in there the door was closed, so that my chances of getting the knowledge of business I was so eager for seemed very small. I had read, however, in my Young Man's Adviser that "opportunities should be sought, not waited for"; and acting on this precept I unscrewed a disused gas-bracket in the wall next to the president's room, and bored the hole clear through, so that it came out just below the top of his roll-top desk. It was a very neat job and enabled me to hear quite plainly any talk that went on in the other room.

I argued—I always had a great knack of arguing to myself—in this way: "Here am I, an earnest young man who's willing to learn, and there is he, the president of a great company who knows it all; so this hole shall be my educational spigot, so to speak; and the more knowledge I get of the company's business the more valuable I shall be to them"; which I consider was a praiseworthy view of the matter.

I had quaffed but a few drafts from this spigot—and practiced in getting back to my desk handily if interrupted—when an incident occurred which, in my humble way, I turned to good account. Two of the directors called one morning, by appointment, on Mr. Blinkendorp, but to my great disappointment he sent me on an errand just as they arrived. I went off, wondering why a young man like me should find so many obstacles in his path, but I got back, breathless, in an hour, and was in time to hear through my spigot the closing remarks of that interview.

"So it's understood, gentlemen," the president said, "that there's to be no selling—not a single share! We buy when the proper time comes—not before."

"Certainly," said the others together, and Mr. Raddle added: "It will take two or three months, no doubt?"

"Probably," replied the president. "We must be cautious, and proceed carefully and judiciously." And then the directors left.

Now this was very hard. Here was an important matter about the stock, as I took it, and I had only heard enough to whet my appetite for more. I pondered over it till the dinner hour, but could make nothing of it.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Blinkendorp called me. He was just sealing up a letter, and he said: "Richard, take this letter and mail it yourself. I want to be sure that it goes at once."

I went to get my hat, and looked at the address. It read:

Messrs. Cutis & Dealem,
Bankers and Brokers,
49 Exchange Place,
New York.

So I ran the blade of my knife under the flap of the envelope, which was still moist, slipped it into my pocket, and left the office. On the way I read it and made a shorthand copy. This is it:

GRANBURY, CT., Oct. 14, 19—

Messrs. Cutis & Dealem:

Dear Sirs: On receipt of this you will please sell for my account two thousand (2000) shares of Granbury Furniture Company's stock at the market price. This should be done quietly, of course, so as to attract as little attention as possible, but I wish the sales made without delay. Yours truly,

ED'D T. BLINKENDORP.

Now this was a very queer thing to me. There was the agreement in the morning not to sell a single share and the order in the afternoon to sell 2000 shares! I looked up the quotations of the company's stock and found it was 134, but I could make nothing further of the matter.

I pondered over it the next day, and argued to myself this way: "Knowledge is wealth—and here's me, a young man who's got knowledge of a matter that the president don't want known." So that evening I went to the Granbury Hotel and asked for Mr. Raddle.

I always liked Mr. Raddle! He was a short, stoutish, pleasant gentleman, of rather fast habits, I fear, but always good-humored and affable with me, whereas the president was much older and taller, and was grave and solemn, and always made you feel how wicked you were compared with him.

"Hello, Dick!" said Mr. Raddle as I entered. "How goes the Bible-class? Have you talked over that little cattle deal yet, that Jacob played on his father-in-law? That ought to be a fetching topic with the president!" Mr. Raddle always dearly loved to make a sly joke about Mr. Blinkendorp's Bible-class, of which I was a steady attendant.

"That hasn't come into our studies yet, sir," I replied; "but I think I've a little matter which will interest you more."

At that he told me to get into a chair, and offered me a cigar; but I told him I eschewed tobacco, and he laughed in his jolly way. Then I told him about the letter, and gave him the copy I had taken.

His face blackened, and he chewed his cigar and muttered: "The infernal old scoundrel!" and some other things I'd rather forget. Then he quieted down and thought a while, and finally broke into a low chuckle, as though he was well pleased with it all. He lit his cigar and put on his jolly manner again.

"Dick," said he, "you've got a few shares of the company's stock?"

"Yes, sir," I answered. "I've always been a saving young man, and I did as you advised me a year ago, and bought five shares."

"Well, sell 'em, my boy; sell 'em at once! That's a pointer, see? And Dick, not a word of this to any one—keep it entirely to yourself, and if you get hold of any more information let me have it. You shall not be forgotten when the deal is closed."

Now I always like to work on something definite, so I said: "I shall probably lose my position over this, Mr. Raddle; but there's a very excellent opening for a young man of energy and character in the grocery line in the locality where I live with my widowed mother; and if I had $500 to put with what I've got I could——"

"That's all right, Dick!" he interrupted with a laugh. "You shall put your energy and character into groceries if this thing comes out right, and I rather think it will!" And again he chuckled very knowingly.

Then I went away, feeling sad that I hadn't asked for a thousand—and thinking how difficult it is for youth and inexperience to cope with the craftiness of the world.

It was surprising how affable Mr. Raddle was with the president after this. He seemed just as friendly and jolly with him as before he'd seen the letter; but I didn't catch any conversation which threw any more light on the matter.

A few days afterward I took in to the president a letter which had his brokers' names on it, and he seized it eagerly, and seemed well pleased when he had read it. Then he went over to the superintendent's office and had a long talk with him, so I copied the letter which I found in his private drawer. It only stated that the stock had been sold and the funds paid into his bank. This gave me no further information, and I realized that the paths of knowledge are stony and beset with difficulty.

As I went out at noon the next day it seemed to me that the workmen were feeling pretty grave about something. They walked off in groups, as usual, but were either not talking at all, or else were quiet and solemn over it. Old Matt Dowling was pounding one fist on the other, as he always does when he is excited.

"I tell you, boys," said he, "that the 'ministration's rotten, clean rotten! It's hand in hand with the 'ristocrats, an' that's what unsettles trade so, an' grinds down the wage-earner!"

Just then Will Podham overtook me.

"Say! but the super's bin raisin' Cain 'round the works this mornin'. What's the graft anyway, Dick?"

I told him I knew nothing of it.

"Ah, rats!" said he. "You in the office and pretend you don't know what's goin' on! Why, they say that business is busted, that big contracts is canceled, an' that expenses is to be cut down and lots of hands laid off."

This was a surprise to me, for I knew that there were plenty of orders in, but I merely said that I'd heard a little something of the sort.

"There's twenty men laid off this noon from the planing-shop," said Will as he turned up a side street.

Then I pondered over it a while, and thought I had the matter clear, for I argued to myself this way: "Here's the president that knew of this trouble ahead, and he kept it to himself, so that he could sell off his stock at the highest price, unknown to any one." And I felt thankful, indeed, that I'd sold off my five shares.

But I was wrong in this, as I found afterward. Truly, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

I guess the men who were laid off didn't like it to appear that they were the only ones picked out from so many. Some of them told their wives that nearly 100 men were discharged, and others drank vile liquor and said it was over 200. Then in the morning the Granbury Eagle had a report, with great headlines, that 250 were laid off, and that probably one-half of the force of 1200 would follow at the end of the week.

Now I thought this was very queer, too, for the Eagle reporter had been around in the afternoon and had an interview with the superintendent. Mr. Raddle came into the office during the morning with the paper in his hand, looking happy, and said to the president:

"BETTER GO INTO THE GROCERIES, MY BOY"

"So you've got 'em going, I see, Blinkendorp!"

"Yes," said the president, "we've made a start, but it's not going to be easy work." He paused a little here, and then went on: "I've been earnestly seeking for light, and another plan has come to my mind."

"Another plan to invest that hundred thousand, eh?" said Mr. Raddle.

"Capital is a sacred trust!" said the president solemnly. "The one talent should be turned into ten. I shall invest in the company's stock when I can buy at eighty or ninety. I can't afford 134."

"That's the way I feel," laughed Mr. Raddle. "But what's the new plan?"

"Suppose some one should bring suit against us—on some patent infringement, perhaps—claiming heavy damages; half a million or so?"

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Raddle. "You're a jewel—a pearl of great price! That *would* hammer the stock, surely! Whom can you get to do it?"

"That's what I want to consult you about," replied Mr. Blinkendorp. "We must have a man who can be safely handled, and I think you'd be more likely to find a suitable one than myself."

Just then some one came along the corridor, and I had to get back to my desk. Before I felt it safe to go to my spigot again Mr. Raddle left the office.

I lay awake a long time that night and finally got the matter clear. It was a beautiful plan, and I felt that I was now getting my first real insight into financial methods. The scheme was to drive the stock down to eighty or ninety, so that Mr. Blinkendorp could invest the $100,000 recently left him by his aunt. Having come to this conclusion, I got away from the office for an hour next morning, went to the broker who had sold out my five shares, and deposited $250 with him, as margin on twenty-five shares to be sold short. I was much tempted to put in all my little capital that way, but the Young Man's Adviser had written so severely against stock gambling that I took a firm stand in the matter and invested only one-half.

When the story about slack work and laying off hands got into the New York papers the stock dropped to 130 and then to 127; the president walked through the works looking very glum; and thirty men were laid off in another department. Then a queer thing happened. The superintendent sent notes quietly to the first batch of men laid off, telling them to report for work again; and the next day's Eagle had a great headline: "Another hundred men laid off at the Furniture Company's plant." But not a word was said about the men taken on, so I went around to the broker and sold another twenty-five shares short, although I lost eight points by not doing so at first—by which I learned that promptness and decision are the keynotes of success.

Mr. Raddle and Tom Shackton, the Eagle reporter, were very chummy about this time. Tom was smoking better cigars than he'd ever had before, and when the big lawsuit was commenced the Eagle devoted half the front page to it, although the headlines took most of the space. Five hundred thousand dollars damages were claimed by a man named Benny, whom no one knew around here. He said he was the inventor of the duplex sliding drawer which our company had such a large trade on. The stock dropped to 102, and I felt very sad that I had not been able to sell more stock short. Truly, knowledge is an excellent thing, for if I hadn't got all these details clear in my mind how sorry I should have felt for the president, going around with the mournful, solemn face, talking economy and retrenchment, and laying off hands with a great deal of fuss in one department, and taking them on again quietly in another, so that production didn't suffer.

Soon after this the president posted a notice cutting the pay of the yard-helpers and lumpers ten per cent. The whole town was talking about the big lawsuit and the terrible condition of trade—and the stock went down to ninety-six.

The day it reached this point Mr. Raddle went into the president's room, and I heard him say:

"It's going well, Blinkendorp—first rate! Looks as if it would go below ninety in another week."

"I don't know," replied the president. "It's holding pretty steady lately, and the Eagle has got hold of some story—they claim they got it from one of the foremen—that the shipments are keeping up well."

"Yes, I saw that," said Mr. Raddle; "but that can easily be fixed. I'll see Shackton to-night."

"I wish I knew which foreman that was!" said the president savagely. "I've warned them all not to talk!"

Mr. Raddle laughed. "There'd be a vacation for him, no doubt; but I suppose he thinks he's holding up the credit of the company by his optimistic statements."

The president growled, and I knew that when he did that he was pretty well worked up.

"Leave it to me," said the director. "I'll put a different face on that report in the morning." And he was as good as his word, for the next Eagle contained an article stating that contracts were being filled by the company below cost, for the sole and philanthropic purpose of keeping their large family of employees working, and protecting them from the distress and misery which would otherwise ensue. No doubt the public thought that this would hurt the dividends, for the stock dropped again, and reached ninety-two.

About this time I took to hanging around the station in the evening, when the seven o'clock train went through to New York; for I argued to myself this way: "Here am I, an earnest and enterprising young man who's sold short; and there's the president of a great company who may take a notion any moment to run over to the city and buy back those 2000 shares, and then—up goes the price!" My forethought

GOING AROUND WITH THE MOURNFUL, SOLEMN FACE, TALKING ECONOMY AND RETRENCHMENT, AND LAYING OFF HANDS

was good, for a few nights later I came face to face with him, which, however, was not what I intended.

"Well, Richard!" he said, eying me severely. "What are you doing around here? Not going to the city?"

"No, sir," I stammered, "I—I'm just waiting for a friend."

"I should be sorry to think you were wasting precious, fleeting moments in idleness," he said solemnly. Then, after a moment's pause, he continued: "You need not mention my having gone to New York, Richard. I shall be back to-morrow afternoon."

So in the morning I went to the broker's and told him to close up my little deal: it had turned out pretty well, and as I placed my profit of $1700 in the bank I felt devoutly thankful that I was adding to my little capital, as well as getting such useful knowledge of finance. The next Sunday I contributed five dollars to the organ-fund.

The president got back in the afternoon, and I saw in a moment that something was wrong. For two months he'd been looking as if he was sorry for other people; now he looked as if he was sorry for himself. He soon sent me out to find Mr. Raddle, and I fortunately met him close by, and told him about the trip to New York.

He chuckled merrily and said: "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein." Then he went into Mr. Blinkendorp's room.

"Raddle, there's something wrong with the stock!" began the president in a trembling voice.

"How's that?"

"I was in New York yesterday, and thought I'd feel the market a little. Cutis went on the street, but not a share was being offered. He bid up to three or four points above the quotation, and got *nothing*! What can it mean?"

"Cheer up, Blinkendorp! The stock is all right. I know just where it is."

"*You*—know—just—where—it—is! You don't mean to say that you've been buying?" And the president gasped.

"That's just what I do mean, Blinkendorp. Dennett and myself, with a friend who had money idle, have bought in 2000 shares, and perhaps a few hundred more, during the past month or so."

"And you have been doing this!" said the president fiercely, "doing it in direct violation of the agreement that we should act together in the matter—should pool our interests, and buy when the proper time came."

"That agreement was broken as soon as made!" retorted Mr. Raddle.

"By whom?"

"By yourself, Blinkendorp! Within twenty-four hours after we had pledged ourselves you threw 2000 shares on the market!"

The president groaned. "Who told you that?" he muttered.

"You will never know from me," replied the other. "We heard of it promptly, and decided that we would pick up those shares ourselves. But we were in no hurry. We waited until your excellent management and devices had got the little panic well under way—then we took every share offered. They cost us, on the average, ninety-eight; not quite so low as it might have been if you had kept faith with us, but a very satisfactory price, nevertheless."

There was a long pause, and I heard the director strike a match and puff up a cigar.

"But you'll let me in on this, Raddle?" said the president earnestly. "You cannot intend to freeze me out entirely!"

"Certainly not, Blinkendorp; we want to be good to you; and we want you to continue in the presidency. As a president you're a success, Blinkendorp! You've scared the men and cut them ten per cent., and you've scared the investors and cut the stock forty points. You've done this right in fairly prosperous times, and without hurting the shipments much. There'll be the usual excellent dividend next time. But, you see, the annual election of officers occurs very soon, and if you can't control the stock I suppose Dennett will have to come in."

The president groaned, and Mr. Raddle went on:

"So we've talked it over, and decided to let you have 2000—at 140! Six points above what you got for it."

I afterward saw the great dent in the wainscoting where the president jammed his chair back.

"*Six points!*" he howled. "Why, Raddle, that means a loss of $80,000 to me!"

"Not exactly," said Raddle coolly. "You might have gained that sum if your little scheme had worked. We shall make nearly that much, but it's not your loss—the dear public foots the bill this time. You sold at 134 and you buy at 140, so you see, my dear Blinkendorp, that your loss is only $12,000. That is not much for retaining your hold on the company."

There was no reply, and the director came out.

I was so stunned at these big figures that I was not quite quick enough, and he almost caught me at the spigot. As it was, he looked suspiciously at the calendar which covered the hole, and pushed it to one side. Then he came to my desk and smiled very queerly.

"Dick," said he, "did you ever, in your Bible-class seances, take up the story of that clerk, or stenographer, or something, who was going to lose his job, and made himself solid with the boss' debtors?"

"You mean the unjust steward," I stammered.

"Exactly; you know the story, I see! Come around to-night. I've something for you!"

So I went to the hotel after supper, and he handed me a check for the $500.

"Here's for the groceries, Dick—for the cruse of oil and the measure of meal."

But I told him I had changed my views, and would rather continue in my present position, and invest what little I had in the company's stock.

He looked at me again with the queer smile, and said:

"Better go into the groceries, my boy. I don't think that the company will appreciate your peculiar character and energies in the future, Dick."

Mining Human Credulity

The Simple Faith of Financiers, and How They are Fleeced by Ancient Games

BY JAMES L. FORD

A FINANCIAL WIZARD WITH A SHARP FACE, GIMLET EYES AND JAUNTY ATTIRE

IN THE vast tidal wave of conversation let loose over the face of the land by the disclosures in the Cassie Chadwick case, one hears constant eulogy of the "cleverness," "genius" or "smartness" of the woman who borrowed untold millions on packages of brown paper simply by offering those gilt-edged securities in a sealed envelope. In this, as in other schemes of high finance, the element of mystery appealing to an inordinate desire for gain played an important part. Yet it does not seem to me that Mrs. Chadwick was so clever or smart as she was lucky, and although she was eminently successful in her schemes of money-getting—she appears to have failed altogether in the more difficult art of money-keeping—her success was rather that of the prospector who, by a fortunate stroke of the pick, lays bare a rich vein of gold quartz, than of the genius who creates new sources of wealth and profits by them.

Other prospectors, better educated, cleverer and more brilliant, have perhaps worked for years over the same ground without finding anything better than a deposit of the delusive iron pyrites, but this red-shirted miner was lucky enough to stumble into a bonanza. He did not put the gold there; he was not drawn to its hiding-place through any knowledge of minerals superior to that of his fellows; he simply stubbed his toe and fell into it, and is deserving of credit only because he recognized the value of his discovery. In like manner did Mrs. Cassie Chadwick stumble across a vein of the precious gold-producing human credulity that lay among the supposedly cold and barren rocks of conservative finance; and, appreciating the value of her discovery, she compelled it to yield the yellow metal in quantities that amazed the civilized world and awakened the envy of the most astute bunco men, wire tappers, high financiers and flim-flam artists in the land.

That Mrs. Chadwick is entitled to our respect for the amount that she obtained from her mine I cheerfully admit, but that her discovery of the great vein of paying human ore was anything but sheer luck I most emphatically deny.

If she had created with her own hands the Napoleons of finance with whom she dealt, if she had rendered them immune to the warnings of common-sense by inoculating them with the virus of open-mouthed credulity, or if, having once denuded them of their money, she had invented a process by which they could be made to bloom again and yield an annual fruitage of bank bills, she would have been justly entitled to a place among the seats of the mighty in high finance, side by side with the inventor of the green goods game and the captains of industry who gave to the world those fine bits of engraving known as Common Steel stock. But none of these things can be placed to her credit, and although it is seldom that a vein as rich, or one as easily worked, as that of Ohio finance is discovered, outcroppings of the same precious metal occur almost everywhere—in Wall Street and in the village of Podunk; among the Brahmins of Boston and in the potato belt of Illinois; in college faculties and among those dashing and experienced men of the world who firmly believe that square gambling is carried on in New York.

We Americans have long been regarded with suspicion by foreigners far craftier than ourselves as a nation given over to bluffing, mendacity and sharp practice; but the truth is that we are a people so easily deceived, and so prone to believe anything that is told us, that we give every encouragement to the many flourishing trades and crafts that fatten exclusively on our gullibility.

It is not easy to define the peculiar brand of credulity which plays such an important part in the great work of keeping the money in circulation throughout the country. It is found in most unexpected places, in enormous placers or deposits whose presence is indicated by a sort of fungus growth formed of ignorance and avarice. No human brain is large enough to contain this fungus and reasoning powers at the same time. When exposed to severe blasts of cold common-sense it will shrivel up and fall away, but it attains a vigorous growth in those mental deserts where a desire to acquire money without work, or learning without study, goes hand in hand with a taste for such supernatural elements as the sealed envelope, the ghostly figure flitting through the darkened room, the pirates' buried treasure and the cigars smuggled into port by the sailor who cannot speak English.

Curiously enough, the American Indian, in reality the most prosaic, unimaginative and unpicturesque of characters, has been raised by the persistent efforts of romancers to a high place in the priesthood of the creed of credulity. It is little Bright Eyes, the Indian maiden, whose wedding in the spirit land is celebrated with such frequency at the cost of the bridegroom's parents. It is the noble savage, clad in a costume that has already done duty at the Arion ball, who is seen by the awe-struck "come-on" flitting through the forests of Rahway, tomahawk in hand and war-whoop on lips, pointing, as he flies, to the hiding-place of the cube of precious metal which the paleface may buy at half its real value. It is the Indian, by nature the most ungrateful of human beings, who wanders over the face of the earth looking for the benefactor who once saved him from the stake, that he may transfer to him or to his heirs the half interest in the great gold mine whose whereabouts is known to him alone. It is the Indian who stands in front of the cigar store where all-Havana cigars named after all-bad actors are sold for three cents apiece. Indeed, so closely affiliated is the American aborigine with various forms of strategic finance that I wonder what strange power has kept him out of Wall Street, or why he is never to be found, brave in paint and feathers, in charge of the faro-box and the obedient roulette-wheel.

There are other mysterious elements besides the blanketed Indian that appeal with irresistible force to the skull that contains fungus instead of the reasoning gift. "Blind pools," rubber forests on the Amazon, the Keely motor, and counterfeit money made from a plate stolen from the Treasury are among the most potent of these mysteries. There is, moreover, in the town of Boston a woman who for several years has worked the vein of credulity, as it disclosed itself in the higher places, comfortably, pleasantly and easily. Her "graft," to quote a technical term, is that of the trance medium, and as an illustration of the clumsiness of her methods, and the primitive appliances with which she works her mine, I will relate the experience of a gentleman favorably known in Boston who was led by curiosity to pay her a visit.

The Trance Medium's Waterloo

THE medium made her revelations in a voice tinged with a decided French accent, explaining, in reply to inquiry, that her "control," to quote again from the technical vocabulary, who was supposed to be speaking through her from the spirit land, was a Frenchman who only spoke English imperfectly.

"You were brought up to speak French, then?" asked the Bostonian of the "control."

"Certainly," was the reply. "French is my native language."

"Then," replied the other, "let us talk in French, for I, too, was brought up in Paris and speak French to this day as well as English."

There was silence for a moment, and then the shade of the departed Frenchman made answer: "I would gladly do so, but my medium cannot articulate the French words. The best she can do is to speak English with my own accent."

"Then," persisted the Bostonian, "suppose I speak French and you continue to speak English."

This brought the seance to a sudden close.

That a woman who can be floored as easily as this should continue to do business in the modern Athens, and that, too, with the most intellectual persons in the city, seems a matter for wide-eyed amazement; nor does one's wonder grow less when it is learned that she charges twenty dollars a sitting instead of fifty cents, which is the usual price for artists of her calibre on Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. The answer to this is that she has been clever enough to surround herself with a group of college professors—who, except for financiers, are the most credulous persons on earth—and these are organized as a society with a nice high-sounding name which renders her immune from criticism. One of these men actually filled the chair of logic in a well-known university (imagine a "professor of logic" listening, open-mouthed with wonder, to a spirit rapping!), and once gravely related to the public the extraordinary manner in which the Boston medium had put him in communication with a dead uncle, thus enabling him to learn the precise date of the avuncular death and the nature of his ailment—facts which he seemed to regard as insoluble mysteries, although they were recorded in the health records of his native town.

The Fly in the Amber

IMBEDDED, like a fly in amber, in the heart of a society which boasts a nice high-sounding name and is officered by college professors, this woman is immune from the espionage and interference on the part of the authorities to which others of her calling are constantly subjected, and is still doing business actively with Brahmins, men of finance and persons who desire advice in regard to investments.

The exact amount of money that was poured into the pockets of the inventor of the Keely motor will probably never be known, but it is notorious that the stock was chiefly held by men skilled and experienced in finance instead of by infants and the insane classes who might have been excused

SHE CHARGES TWENTY DOLLARS A SITTING

for purchasing it. The motor was an awful and mysterious power which the inventor refused to describe, and which certainly equaled a harnessed Niagara in the useful work of pulling the legs of high financiers. It would have been placed upon the market thirty years ago had it not been for the shrewdness of its inventor, who had discovered that the less people knew about a project the more eagerly they would invest in its stock.

The unreasoning and childlike faith in which whiskers and the fur-trimmed overcoat are held in the hearts of an open-mouthed generation is a theme worthy of a philosopher. I think that the whisker cult obtains the wider credence of the two, as its altar lights are kept burning the year round, while the fur overcoat reveals itself to its devotees only in the coldest weather. A noted New York criminal lawyer had on his staff a man who was the very ideal of venerable dignity. He possessed a magnificent long white beard and an overcoat trimmed with the skin of some strange fur-bearing animal, now happily extinct. In the defense of a desperately hopeless case this aged one never failed to make a profound impression on the jury by testifying with inimitable solemnity to the fact that he knew nothing at all detrimental to the character of the prisoner. He never knew anything about any case in which he was called; but the length of his whiskers, the trimming of his overcoat, his serious and judicial manner while on the witness stand, and the profound respect with which he was treated by the criminal lawyer, were usually good for the reduction of at least a year's time on a sentence. He died a few years ago, and I have always expected to see his whiskers and overcoat lugged into court and placed in the witness box for the sake of their silent influence with the jury.

A French gentleman of no small literary distinction once consulted a well-known New Yorker in regard to a series of discourses which he proposed to deliver in the most brilliant metropolitan circles. The New Yorker, a man of wide experience and great native shrewdness, observing that the French savant's beard was long, silky and in every way adapted to the demands of an intellectual drawing-room audience, straightway inquired if he possessed also a fur-trimmed overcoat. The other replied that he had one that was not only trimmed but lined throughout with that awe-inspiring material.

"Then," said the local prophet, "keep your whiskers exactly as they are; wear the overcoat to the scene of your lecture and place it over a chair so that the fur can be distinctly seen by your audience. Then deliver your lecture, and do not for a single moment lose sight of the fact that you are addressing our aristocracy of intellect."

It is gratifying to note that the Frenchman's series of *conférences* was a prodigious success and attended by people of such great cultivation that even if they could not understand French they could get their money's worth by looking at the beard and the overcoat.

But neither the vulgar faith in the whiskers and fur-trimmed overcoat, nor the religious awe with which the Brahmins of the modern Athens look upon the seeress who has awful visions in which are revealed to her what everybody knew before, nor the eagerness with which the leading financiers of the mid-West loaned their trust funds on bundles of waste paper, are to be mentioned in the same breath with the enormous beds of open-mouthed credulity which underlie Wall Street, where the money kings do business day after day.

That these giants of financial strategy are, as a class, incapable of taking care of their accretions is a fact well known to the police, who long since made special laws for their protection, forbidding professional crooks of all kinds from visiting the quarter of the town in which they do business. But for this precaution the Brooklyn Bridge, the lower Bowery and upper Broadway would lose half of what may be termed their permanent population, while gold bricks, bundles of counterfeit money and opportunities to tap telegraph wires would divert into other and sometimes shabbier pockets the great flood of gold and greenbacks that pours itself into the Street in steady streams from every point of the compass.

By some mischance an office-boy, discharged from a publishing house for stealing postage stamps, got through the police cordon into Wall Street some years ago and straightway sunk his shaft into the outcroppings that indicated to his keen sense the presence of enormous underlying beds of financial credulity. The result was that, within a very short time, a new wizard of finance, with two or three millions of stealings to his credit, was locked up in Ludlow Street jail, while the welkin rang with praise of his "smartness," "cleverness" and "genius."

An even greater Napoleon who stumbled across this same stratum of simple-minded faith was an individual whose shaft was sunk to a greater depth than that of the one just mentioned and in a much richer bed of ore—one that yielded him a dozen millions before the gates of Sing Sing closed upon him and put a stopper on his "smartness" and "cleverness" and "genius." Like others who had prospected and mined before he began and after he finished, Ward made good use of the element of mystery. In his case it was not an Indian or a white-robed figure or a sealed envelope with which the charm was worked, but a grim and taciturn old warrior, whose very name stood for silence, and the financiers, seeing this figurehead to the fore and listening to Ward's half-whispered tales of Government contracts, "obtained through an influence that it would not do to mention," asked no further questions and simply handed in their money.

We are apt to laugh at the farmer whose gullibility leads him to purchase a gold brick or a package of sawdust, but we have only to compare the methods by which he is entrapped with those employed in trapping financiers to realize that the rustic is a well-informed, careful and conservative man of affairs in comparison with the millionaires, bank presidents, cashiers and others whose activities make the money centre the knacker's yard of so many fortunes.

The farmer usually writes two or three letters and devotes considerable time to thought before coming to New York to make his fall purchases of brass and sawdust. Naturally conservative, he is keenly suspicious of any modern business methods and prefers to deal in the manner to which he has long been accustomed rather than with the Indian direct. Even after he has seen the brick and carefully hefted it with his inexperienced hand, he insists upon boring into it and submitting the filings to an assayer. In his transactions he never risks a sum large enough to impoverish his family, and he moves cautiously as well as slowly. Moreover, there are certain uses to which sawdust, even in limited quantities, can be put, and, after all, a block of shiny metal is a pretty ornament for the mantelpiece. Credulous as countrymen may be, I have never yet heard of one who went into bankruptcy through any of the ordinary agencies that he copes with.

On his own ground, too, the farmer is a pretty shrewd character and one by no means likely to buy shavings for oats, whatever he may do when he extends his purchases to foreign fields. The financier, however, is always being fooled in affairs in which he should display superior knowledge, and when he fails or absconds to Canada, or, lingering for a final look at the ticker, is caught and sent to jail, we can trace his fall to investments that no yokel would consider for a single moment.

Did any one ever hear of a trusted cashier embezzling money with which to purchase Government bonds or Chemical Bank stock so long as such splendid securities as those of Keely motor and Common Steel were on the market? One of the largest and supposedly safest banks in New York was robbed of enormous sums because its cashier had a "sure thing" on the stock market, where nothing is sure. The occurrence was much regretted by the president of the

(Concluded on Page 15)

A Theatrical Success

By S. E. Kiser

A manager, knowing just how it was done—
Each show he brought out had a wonderful run—
Sat down at his desk to prepare
For the season about to begin;
He tilted far back in his chair
And waited for stars to come in:
Out on the Rialto the talented throng
Was informed of the great man's intention ere long.

She was known on the stage as Miss Vernon-Le Grande,
And she called where the manager waited, that day;
"Well, what is your stunt?" he looked up to demand,
"In other words, what are the parts that you play?
Can you dance, can you sing?
Or what is the thing
For which you expect to begin drawing pay?"
"I never have sung, or, I mean to say, sang,"
She answered, and pride in her sentences rang;
"As a dancer I'm hardly a possible case,
And I can't act a little—but look at my face."

Miss Goldie Sinclair, with a confident smile,
Tripped into the manager's office: said he,
After drumming on top of his desk for a while:
"Please mention it: what may your specialty be?
Can you act, can you dance?
Or can you entrance
With a voice that will bring golden ducats to me?"
"I ain't any songbird," she modestly said,
With a shrug of her shoulders and toss of her head,
"And I can't dance or act"—she flung off her cape
And posed for a moment—"but glance at my shape."

Miss Claudie Saint Aubyn stepped in to apply;
The manager turned with a look that was glad;
His luck had been good, and with hopes that were high
He asked her concerning the talent she had.
"Can you dance, can you act,
Or is it a fact
That your voice will put Melba and Eames to the bad?"
"I've had two divorces," she softly replied,
"And I'll soon have another case up to be tried."
"Enough," he declared, when at last he could speak,
"I'll give you a hundred and fifty a week."

Miss Trixie Mountjoy was the next to appear
Where the manager waited with joy in his heart;
He noticed her jewels and other fine gear,
And then asked some questions concerning her art:
"Is dancing your suit?
Have you notes like a flute?
Or do you demand an emotional part?"
"I'm not much at warbling or dancing, kind sir,
And there's no special sort of a part I prefer"—
There was pride in her tones—"but please notice my dress;
I can beat them all out with my costumes, I guess."

The manager wrote to his playwright, that day:
"My company's ready; now write me a play:
One reputation, one face,
One wardrobe and one pair of tights;
Please hustle along with the case,
I've bookings for two hundred nights—
You might, if you can without straining, provide
For an actress, or possibly two, on the side."

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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CHAPTER XXIX

LADY ASPASIA and M. Châtelard were seated one on each side of the fireplace, fairly monopolizing the benefits of the situation. Although the thought of Sir Arthur, upstairs with his young wife—no doubt coaxing the insolent beauty into a better temper—was no very agreeable one to her, Lady Aspasia, with the good-humored, material philosophy of her kind, made the best of what Fate left her. She toasted her well-formed, well-shod foot at the blaze; found that the old-fashioned, winged armchair (with the help of a cushion) was as comfortable as any modern copy, if not more so, and that M. Châtelard was undoubtedly an entertaining companion. He had seen curious things on his travels, and he could tell of them with a French spice. By a series of jerks the two drew ever closer together, finally blocking the hearth. Their voices were lowered by imperceptible degrees; their heads inclined toward each other. Lady Aspasia's laugh rang loud and often; and presently, by a tacit agreement in which the conversation gained enormously, each relapsed into the native tongue.

"Upon my word," said Lady Aspasia to herself, "I'll send in his name for my royal party."

M. Châtelard, pouring forth a whispered flow of language, with a pause on the delicate point, and a quiet chuckle after the ready listener had had time to seize it and ring her hearty, unreserved tribute of appreciation, was privately making little notes for future publication with all the traveler's joy of discovery. "*Et il y en a encore qui croient que les Anglaises sont guindées! Un esprit tout Rabelaisien—cette dame. Allons, l'âge Victorien est bien mort et enterré!*"

Miss Aspasia, who some time back had been told, with a flap of Lady Aspasia's hand, "not to listen, little girl," sat, highly disapproving, at the farther end of the room. Bethune, whose existence the great lady now elected to ignore, had taken a chair at a little distance from the girl. A monosyllabic conversation began between them and dropped. He asked her for some music, and she tartly refused with a reproachful look. She wondered at him. Did he not know her aunt's head was bad? He didn't know? Well, he might have seen that she was ill. To this he made no answer, and thereafter they spoke no more. The man had a talent for taciturnity, but the effort of Baby's silence seemed to bristle. She sat very erect. Her mouth pursed, her nostrils dilated, her eyes widely opened, her arched eyebrows more arched than ever. The tittering, the whispering, the laughter, the meaning wriggles of the two backs as they leaned toward each other before the hearth, irritated her beyond endurance.

"M. Châtelard," she suddenly cried in fluent French, with her *enfant terrible* directness, "do tell me—I don't want to be rude—but why do you cut your hair so close to your head? isn't it very cold this weather?"

"Alas, mademoiselle," said he, turning around—his alertness of courtesy was ingrain—"I do not dare to show to the world that my head is quite white."

"You think it looks better pink?" said Baby innocently.

"Pink," said M. Châtelard, a little disconcerted, passing his hand over his cropped pate. "Is it possible?" Then, sparkling: "Pink? I had no idea that Lady Melbury had so made me blush."

"Oh, blush!" cried Lady Aspasia, her momentary displeasure with the pert schoolgirl lost in a yell of delight at M. Châtelard's readiness; "it's well that *my* blushing days are over!"

"Oh, milady!" And they put their heads together again.

Young Aspasia pinched in her rosy lips so tight that they made the most absurd button of a mouth ever seen. Bethune, who had listened with immovable gravity to this sally, betraying indeed no sign of having heard it, save for the rolling of an icy eye toward M. Châtelard, now let his glance rest upon her. The hard muscles of his face began to soften.

He had been slowly making up his mind during the whole of the evening; and now he had decided. He would leave the manor-house on the morrow, and cut himself once and forever apart from its inmates. But the devil was in it that, in the midst of the most intolerable mental trouble he had ever endured, he should have once again this absurd, unreasonable feeling that if he were to carry away with him this pretty Aspasia, this fluffy, pouting, pert, birdlike thing, it would be sweet! Something like the blessedness of a peep of blue in a sky of lurid clouds, a ray of sunshine across a barren moor, a snowdrop in bleak winter. The feeling had no sense in it. He was a prey to as strong a passion as ever possessed a man; and he not only despised himself, hated himself for his passion, but was conscious that by the object of it he was held a thing of scorn. More than this, she, who thus in spite of reason filled his thoughts, was suffering, and he could not lift a finger to help her. The whole source of her suffering was only vaguely understood by him; but he knew that her husband's presence had nearly driven her to desperation. It was acute torture to him now to think of Sir Arthur in his wife's room; and yet . . . haunted by these unworthy, degrading thoughts of one who should have been twice sacred to him, he found himself longing to take Aspasia to his breast—bright-eyed Aspasia, pecking, twittering, fluttering like an angry dove, withal so soft, so warm, so true. His inconsequent heart seemed to cry out for the comfort of her.

AT THE SOUND OF A CLOSING DOOR BENEATH, OF STEPS ON THE STAIRS, SHE STARTED VIOLENTLY AND CLUTCHED THE GIRL'S ARM

"SHUT UP AUNT ROSAMOND, SHUT HER UP— NEVER!"

Sir Arthur opened the door and looked in.

"Pray, pray," said he, inserting an arm, after his head, to wave back the confidential couple who with a great scraping of chairs had risen to their feet, "do not let me disturb any one. I am only looking for Aspasia."

"Oh, good gracious!" said Aspasia under her voice, alarm springing to her eyes. "I'm here, Runkle."

"Can you spare me a few minutes' private conversation, my dear Aspasia?"

His tone was very solemn. He was conscious of the hush that had fallen upon the room, conscious of the perturbed looks that were fixed upon him, conscious of his own countenance of trouble. But it was not without a gloomy self-approval that, given circumstances the most woeful that could perhaps be imagined, he realized there were few who could negotiate them like himself.

Aspasia went reluctantly to her uncle's summons. Her heart was heavy with anxiety concerning Rosamond. In her constitutional distrust of whatever course of action Sir Arthur might take it into his head to adopt, she had an oppressive sensation that most of the responsibility of affairs rested upon her own young shoulders.

"Heavens!" thought the girl to herself as her lagging feet took her across the drawing-room, "if one could only just shut up Runkle in a box for six months there might be some hope of things settling down."

Sir Arthur beckoned her toward the little study where, through the half-opened door, a ruddy light showed that the room had now been made ready for the smokers. His air of portentous gloom so exasperated Baby that she had to relieve her feelings by childish kicks at the mats in the hall as she passed.

"I presume that we shall be undisturbed here for the present," said Sir Arthur. He pushed open the door and started back with an irritated exclamation: "Confound that fellow; he's like a night moth."

Between the fire and the lamplight, Muhammed Saif-u-din stood facing them. It seemed as if he had been pacing the little space, and had wheeled around at the sound of their approach. Baby's heart gave a wild throb, and then stood still. The Indian had certainly been very restless all the evening. Sir Arthur Gerardine's arrival seemed to have excited him in a singular manner, and there could be no mistaking now the straight, vindictive look that the secretary fixed upon his master. She was minded of a splendid black panther she had seen at an Indian village fair, not so very long ago—the beast had been pacing the narrow limits of its cage backward and forward until she had drawn close to admire it, when it had stopped and fixed her with its eyes—just such a gaze (she told herself, shivering) as that which Muhammed fixed on Sir Arthur; a gaze as concentrated as unfathomably savage. "Him very bad beast," had said the showman, grinning at her. "Him dreaming of drinking Missie Sahib's blood."

. . . . . .

Sir Arthur's grating voice rang out angrily in a brief phrase of Hindustani. The Pathan unfolded his arms, made a gesture with one hand, and left the room without speaking. In that gesture Baby nervously read the meaning: I can bide my time.

"Runkle," she cried, catching her breath, "how could you bring that dreadful man over from India? I'm sure it's not safe. Even Major Bethune—and he's lived all his life among them, you know—thinks he's mysterious. Oh, do, do be careful!"

"Aspasia," said Sir Arthur severely, "I am surprised at you. I have other matters, matters of far other moment, on my mind, I can tell you. What nonsense is this? The fellow there doesn't know his place, I grant you. I've just told him so. You saw how he quailed. He's devoured with curiosity, that's all. And, indeed," Sir Arthur sighed, "there are strange things taking place in this house. He may well be curious."

"Oh, Runkle, I don't think it's that; he's not the ordinary type of Indian, I'm convinced. He's got some purpose here."

"Pooh, nonsense, my dear Aspasia! Purpose? Ridiculous. I should hope I know how to deal with the creatures by this time. Don't you begin this sort of nerve business, too—I shall begin to think," said poor Sir Arthur, running a distracted hand through his gray curls, "that there's something about this pestilent place that's driving everybody crazy." Again he caught himself up with a deep sigh on the last word. "I shall give Master Muhammed his lesson to-morrow. I don't require to be taught how to manage the cattle—under the heel, my dear, under the heel! To-night——" He paused. "Aspasia," he lowered his voice, "I am addressing you in the utmost confidence, relying upon your good sense and judgment. Listen to me calmly and answer me with truth absolute. Have you ever noticed any symptom in your poor aunt . . . ?"

He had leaned forward to drop these words mysteriously into her ear; now he straightened himself, shook his head, and tapped his forehead.

"Uncle Arthur . . .!" gasped the girl, her pretty, round face suddenly pinched and small, her eyes abnormally large. What, indeed, were such trivial speculations as a Pathan's possible yearning for Sir Arthur's blood to so hideous a suggestion as this? Here was her own hidden terror of all these weeks voiced calmly, judicially; in acknowledgment of, almost in resignation to, an accomplished fact.

"You can't mean——" she stammered.

"My dear," said Sir Arthur with melancholy triumph, "I am in very serious anxiety. Your aunt's manner to-night, the things she has said to me just now, her actions, her looks—I can only explain them, heartrending as it is to me to have to admit it, in one way."

"Poor aunt has got neurasthenia," faltered the unhappy Baby.

"My dear Aspasia," said Sir Arthur, "may it be only that! I pray it may be only that. But the affair is too serious. I shall have the best professional advice to-morrow, the first mental specialist in England."

"What!" screamed Aspasia, suddenly scarlet to the roots of her hair; "you're never going to get a horrid mad doctor for poor, darling Aunt Rosamond?"

"My dear Aspasia!" ejaculated he, beating down the sound of her crude words with his hands. "It is my duty, Aspasia, to get the best advice, the best treatment, at the earliest possible opportunity. And it is your duty," he said, fixing his eyes sternly upon her, "to tell me everything that can conduce to a better knowledge of her state."

Rivulets of cold water ran down Aspasia's back. She felt a sudden, awful premonition of relentless fate closing about her; of the cruelty of human beings to each other; something of the terror of the ignorant patient in the surgical ward.

"What would they do with Aunt Rosamond?" she asked.

Sir Arthur shook his head again. "Sometimes the only chance is a temporary retreat—temporary, we must hope and trust."

"You mean," she shrieked, and advanced on him with her small fists clenched; "shut up Aunt Rosamond, shut her up —— Never! You wicked, horrible old fool! What should you shut her up for? She's not mad. She's no more mad than I am. Why should you call her mad, just because she turned sick at the sight of you all guzzling dinner?"

"Hush, hush!" he cried.

"I don't care who hears me," she retorted in the same high tones of sobbing indignation. "You *were* guzzling. Your nasty old Lady Aspasia positively gobbled, and so did that disgusting Frenchman with the pink head. I suppose she's mad because she told you the truth for once, upstairs? I'm glad. If some one had told you the truth before it would have been better for everybody."

Upon which cryptic utterance she flung herself from the room, but popped in her head again for a last shot:

"Of course, if the doctor asks me why poor aunt ever married you I sha'n't quite know what to say—it's the only queer symptom she's ever shown, to my knowledge."

Sir Arthur sank into the armchair, speechless. Presently he sought for his handkerchief and, with an exhausted hand, passed it across his beaded forehead. The ring of Lady Aspasia's laugh floated across the hall through the door which the girl had left ajar. The sound of that cheery, heart-whole mirth, the thought of that comfortable, healthy, every-day, high-born woman, heightened the sense of his own utter dejection. Had he not made an irremediable mistake, after all?

Meanwhile Aspasia, with an unreasoning sense that she could not too soon be at Rosamond's side to protect her, took the oak stairs at a canter, pausing merely at the first landing to choke down the sobs with which her breast was bursting.

"I only hope and trust Muhammed will be quick about it, and stick Runkle to-night," she said to herself, mopping her eyes fiercely, her pocket-handkerchief tightly rolled into a ball.

At her aunt's door she met Jani, who checked the headlong approach with brown finger on lip and long-drawn "Hush!"

. . . . . .

In the drawing-room Raymond Bethune, a bad third, heard the ring of Aspasia's voice and the hammer of her flying heels on the stairs, and realized, with keen disappointment, that she was not coming back. He had been longing for the instant of her return for a twofold reason—his devouring anxiety concerning Lady Gerardine, and the desire to exchange a few last, quiet, parting words with the girl herself, since he intended to walk out of the Old Ancient House, unobtrusively, with the coming day.

As the patter of little feet died away, however, he rose stiffly from his neglected corner, and, approaching the jocular pair by the fireside, looked down at them with a sort of dignified awkwardness until they would vouchsafe some consciousness of his approach.

THEIR VOICES WERE LOWERED BY IMPERCEPTIBLE DEGREES

The Frenchman, after struggling for a minute between his courtesy to the lady, who went on pouring a country-house story into his ear, and what was due to the patiently waiting gentleman, at last laid a warning finger on Lady Aspasia's wrist.

"*Je crois que monsieur désire nous parler,*" he said engagingly.

"Oh," cried the mistress of Melbury Towers, and gave an insolent half-turn of her smooth head, a half-twist of her handsome eyes in the direction of Bethune, as an indication that he might say his say and have done with it.

"I thought I'd bid you good-night," said the man stolidly.

"*Comment, mon cher major,*" cried the polite Châtelard, springing to his feet, "already?"

"I'm going in the morning," went on Bethune in the same level tones; "I've got to pack." His words and glance were fixed on the indifferent lady. "I think you were kind enough to say something about my coming to Melbury Towers for Christmas. I am sorry I can't accept."

Lady Aspasia's eyebrows were raised a fraction of a line.

"So sorry," she said cheerfully. "I'm sure Sir Arthur would have liked to see more of you."

She did not offer him her hand nor turn her glance upon him. He bowed in the direction of her pronounced profile, and turned to find himself effusively seized by the globe-trotter.

"*Comment, cher major,*" cried the latter in tones of unaffected disappointment; "you leave to-morrow? And I who had so much pleasure in the renewing of our acquaintance. It is not possible we part thus."

"*Que diable,*" the psychologist was saying to himself, "*c'est comme ça que l'on arrange ces petites affaires-là en Angleterre? Le mari arrive, vous trouve en tête-à-tête, et l'amant part. Voilà tout. C'est moi! Je m'attendais, je l'avoue, à un dénouement plus palpitant. Mais malgré tout . . .*" Bethune had gone without a word. The door was closed. M. Châtelard was resuming his seat: "*N'y a-t-il pas, quand même, quelque chose de fort intéressant dans cette simple solution?—oui, un caractère exclusivement Britannique dans cette simplicité; comme qui dirait un vestige, au milieu du désordre même, de la vertu puritaine qui tenait si fort aux apparences, de cette horreur du choking si profondément enracinée dans l'Anglo-Saxon?*"

As he raised his musing eye he found Lady Aspasia's bright gray orb fixed upon him with a world of meaning.

CHAPTER XXX

"HUSH!" said Jani; "Missie Sahib ill. Must not be disturbed."

"Is she in bed?" whispered Aspasia. "Don't be a stupid, Jani. I sha'n't do her any harm."

With her hand on the door handle, Jani shook her head till the monstrous gold earrings waggled against her cheeks.

"Missie Sahib no more disturbed to-night," she repeated emphatically. Her opaque eyes were fixed with triumphant resentment upon Aspasia's countenance. Aspasia, the offhand young lady, who flouted old Jani's vested right, who had taken upon herself to do Lady Gerardine's hair this very night, must learn that her presence was not always desirable.

"Who is there?" cried Rosamond's voice, high and strained, from within. "I can see no one. Jani, you must let no one in."

"There, missie," said the old woman.

Aspasia pushed the clawlike hand ruthlessly from the door knob.

"It is I, Aunt Rosamond," said she, tapping the panels with soft, consolatory palms. "You'll let me in, darling, won't you? I'll do police, too, never fear, and better than Jani."

"Oh, you! Come in," bade the voice within faintly but with an unmistakable accent of relief.

Aspasia made a face at Jani, but passed in with something less than her usual flounce. Lady Gerardine was seated before the fire in her white dressing-gown, her arms hanging, her hair loose about her. Jani had evidently been interrupted in the act of brushing by the sound of the approaching footsteps, and had flown to her sentry post.

"Stay outside, Jani. Lock the door, Baby."

Lady Gerardine just turned her head sufficiently to give these orders, then relapsed into her brooding attitude, her eyes hard, dry, encircled, fixed unseeingly upon the fire, her face livid, save for the burning spot on either cheekbone. Aspasia, aghast, stopped a second to survey her.

"She does look very ill," she thought hopelessly. "Worse than ill." And her heart contracted.

"Darling," she said, approaching timidly, "just let me plait this dear hair, and then you must get to bed."

"I wish it were shriveled on my head!" said Lady Gerardine, staring before her, and sending out her words, it seemed, as aimlessly as her glance. "It is accursed."

"Aunt Rosamond, what are you saying!"

"Harry loved it. It was his hair, his golden hair, and that other man has put his horrible touch upon it."

"There's no doubt of it," said Baby to herself, as with the gentlest of touches she gathered the long strands together, "though I'll never admit it to any one; darling Aunt Rosamond is mad. Those dreadful letters, the poor dead husband and the horrid old living one have driven her mad between them! They sha'n't shut her up, though, not while I live; not while I can fight."

The child had no fear in her heart for herself. How could any one, she thought with a great gush of compassion, have fear of this poor, desolate, beautiful creature? She finished

(Continued on Page 22)

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That Canal

THAT recent report to Congress from John F. Wallace, chief engineer to the Isthmian Canal Commission, was only partial and preliminary; but it makes clear the important fact that when we bought the abandoned French canal we bought a "pig in a poke." He shows that in many respects the plans on which that purchase was based not merely should be, but must be, radically modified.

He explains that we have choice between canals thirty, sixty and ninety feet in the air and a canal at sea level. The last would, naturally, be the most expensive to build; but it would be cheapest to maintain. It would not be open for business for fifteen years or completed for twenty years; but, when it was opened, it would be there for all time—whereas, is there any doubt that, after a few years of experience with thirty, sixty or ninety foot hoisting and lowering locks, the demand for doing the work all over again would be imperative?

Let us have the best while we're at it. And if it would be wisest to abandon our French purchase, and build in another place, let not the Commission shirk its duty to say so, simply because they hesitate to show up the $40,000,000 purchase as a mistake.

Let us have the best canal in the best place.

The Man and the Name

AMONG the Ainos, who inhabit the northern islands of the Japanese Archipelago, it is the custom for each child to be given a name, just one name, which has never been borne by any one else and never will be borne by any one else again. Also it is forbidden to speak of any matter whatsoever connected with ancestry.

There is "every tub on its own bottom" carried out to its logical ideal. An Aino can say "*Ich bin ein Ich!*" with a literalness which Occidental lovers of manly independence cannot but envy. He is unable to hide his insignificance under a cloak of ancestral importance; he is unable to plead in extenuation of his weaknesses that his ancestors were a bad lot. He stands or falls absolutely by his own record.

If this barbarous Oriental custom were to be instituted among us, what sudden and startling shifts of reputations and estimations, great and small, there would be!

Public Schools and Private

BOURKE COCKRAN, representing the Twelfth New York District in Congress, denounces the public schools on religious grounds—as "agnostic" and "anti-Christian." Here is a matter of opinion; and the fact that Mr. Cockran's opinion is in the minority entitles him, if anything, to a more respectful hearing. But when he goes on to assert that "every man of any consequence sends his children to private school," and that "the public school is becoming, as it is in Europe, the poor school," he states propositions which are matters either of fact or fiction.

So far as Europe is concerned, the decline of the private school and the rapid rise of the public school is one of the interesting and important politico-social-industrial phenomena. The chief reason is that the progressive states of Western Europe—Germany, France, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Italy—are now providing better education than could possibly be got in private schools.

In our own country we are in the transition stage. Formerly the public school was not only the best but also the one source of primary education. But since the Civil War, and until recently, the state let itself be outstripped, especially in the cities and larger towns; the superior mobility and progressiveness of private enterprise put it to shame. Now, however, a reaction is setting in, and throughout the country the state is striving to regain the ground lost, chiefly because it so long had a monopoly.

Probably Mr. Cockran, being from New York City with its proverbially narrow horizon, had in mind the private schools which snobbishness started and which snobbishness maintains. These, however, need concern no friend of the public-school system. They give an inferior education and will never attract the children of parents who think and wish their progeny to succeed in life. The important private schools are those started because the public education provided was not satisfactory. These are not so numerous as they were a quarter of a century ago. They will grow fewer and fewer as the people become wider and wider awake on the subject of education.

We have the wealth to make our public schools the best schools in the world. And that they should be, and must be!

The Crusade Against Water

IT OUGHT to be that the operations of the gamblers, big and little, on the stock exchange would have no effect upon the solid and steady mass of honest business and industry. But unfortunately the fact is the reverse. Business is, to a large and ever increasing extent, based upon credit. The business man increases his activity by borrowing money; he puts up collateral; this collateral is the stocks and bonds with which those brokers, bankers, promoters and financiers who are really plain gamblers make their plays and counter-plays. If, when the business man borrows, his stock and bond collateral is quoted high, he can get more money for a less amount of it. If the value of the collateral drops, he must immediately either increase his collateral or repay his loans—and either course may mean ruinous sacrifice.

This is why "squeezing the water" out of stocks and bonds is not such a simple and easy process as the theorists allege. The real problem is how to stop gambling, how to get the water out of stocks and prevent the injection of water into them again, without making the whole vast structure of credit topple and crash. That the gamblers can thus hide behind honest business is deplorable; but it is a fact.

Are There Too Many Menfolk?

DOCTOR EMIL REICH, of Germany, finds our American women sadly lacking in respect for the sterner and stronger and wiser sex. And the last census finds the sterner and sensibler sex in the majority over the softer and sillier, even in the large cities and towns. Is there not some relation between these two facts, conceding that Doctor Reich states a fact? Are not we men suffering under the melancholy law of supply and demand? Are we not flouted and generally put upon because we are "a drug in the market"? If there were not enough of us to go round and to spare, would we not be getting our just due of deference? Would not all the girls treat us as the hopelessly left old maids—of whom there are a few—now treat us, so long as we are unmarried?

Let us hope so. Let us hope that we are victims of an inexorable law and not of our own too exceeding softness and sentimentality where the ladies are concerned.

Fogs—Mental and Material

SIR OLIVER LODGE, who has persuaded the civilized world to take him quite seriously as a scientist, is out with a scheme for clearing up fogs by projecting currents of electricity into them—which, as he asserts, will precipitate the globules of moisture. There is no doubt that fogs are a bad thing. On sea they hold up traffic, and cause loss of property and of life; and it is here that Sir Oliver finds the fittest field for his invention.

On land fogs are perhaps worse. According to the wise men of Athens, the mental lethargy of Bœotia was due to the prevailing vapors in the atmosphere. The density of the Englishman has been attributed to the same cause—though a recent Irishman has raised a doubt as to whether the people are caused by the fogs, or the fogs by the people. If the latter diagnosis is correct—and it sounds plausible—may one not suggest that the present remedy is misdirected?

Sir Oliver, however, is of the more conservative opinion. Or, if he believes that the people cause the fogs, it is only by persisting in the old-fashioned open fires of soft coal, the minute particles of unburnt carbon in the smoke forming the nuclei for fog globules. He is strongly of the opinion that it would be wise and economical to practice more perfect combustion, and here all who know the nose-bluing chill of English houses in winter, and the paralysis in business caused by the fogs, will heartily agree with him. But before such a reform is achieved, we maintain, it is necessary for Sir Oliver, or somebody else, to electrify the Briton.

The Finest Virtue

WHAT is the finest quality in human character? Is it not truthfulness?

The child that is taught to speak the truth cannot but be honest, brave, self-respecting, ultimately capable. The man or the woman who speaks the truth cannot but have friends and love and genuine success—for, in a world of lies and evasions, such an one is as a rock in the midst of a quicksand.

The time to teach truthfulness is childhood. And the way to teach it is never, never, never to make your child for an instant afraid to tell you the truth about anything whatsoever—anything he does, anything he thinks.

Where Germicides Wont Work

THE Germans have found an antitoxin for the "laziness germ." They claim that it will transform any man of sluggish and slothful habit into an energetic person to whom "that tired feeling" is unknown. This is the reduction of the germ theory to its logical absurdity.

Germs are not the only cause of disease. Germs simply multiply in depleted or diseased tissue. True, when these germs have got a good hold they must be overcome before the damaged tissue can be restored. But that restoration is not a work for drugs only but for Nature as well. To get well, the sick person must stop doing the things that made him ill, must "cut out" the inordinate indulgences that at last drove his long-suffering system into revolt.

Germicide or no germicide, beer and fried food will continue to produce sluggards in Germany; and in our own country the rapid-fire lunch and three to six meals a day will continue to make men old at forty and women old at thirty.

A Moral Without a Fable

THE recrudescence of six-day bicycle races has raised again the old outcry against popular brutality. One moralist lauds prize-fighting and bull-fighting in comparison with this sport, in which he intimates that the contestants' eyes bulge in their heads from exhaustion, while their veins are so swollen that blood spurts from their noses. Meantime, the first of the great bicycle contests is over.

Round and round the vinegar jug
The monkey chased the weazel,

and a huge metropolitan audience watched every lap with deep interest, in the hope of having its feelings harrowed, its sensibilities shocked. That's the way the money went. But alas, the weazel did not go pop!

There were a few spills, but only such as might more easily have occurred in a quarter-mile sprint. The severest injury was a broken nasal cartilage, which the victim endured with a smile only slightly awry. The morning following the race reporters gathered in the hope of describing for an eager populace the after-effects of the physical strain and of the drugs with which, it is generally asserted, the contestants are accustomed to stimulate themselves for the supposedly desperate finish. But there were no evidences of "doping." To a man, they came out and took the air of a wintry day with normal cheerfulness and health. With one exception they had gained weight during the contest, which, according to all expectations, should have left them little better than living skeletons. The greatest sufferer in the lot was a man who had taken ice cream while the race was on, and on top of it a bottle of ale. He had had a bad quarter of an hour with colly-wabbles; and though his faith in ice cream remained unshaken he professed to have sworn off from malt and spirituous liquors. He added that he was ready to start on another six-day race in the morning.

This is no fable, but it has a moral. As long as the virtuous decry anything as unduly exciting the public will flock to it, for chances to be good dog a man all his life, while chances to have fun are few and far between. The worst of six-day bicycle races is that they are deadly dull. In comparison the vinegar-jug event described by that antique song is an occasion of acute hilarity. Is not the truth better than even the extremest moral fervor? A commercial drummer, who read a chapter of Jeremiah in the hotel Bible on a lonesome Sunday, remarked in a footnote: "The world is sad, but may be endured by those who have the faculty of cheering up." Cheer up, Jeremiah, and the world will cheer with you. But weep over mortal follies, and you will weep alone, for your audience will be taking part in them.

THE SOCIETY EDITOR

And How the Rough-Shod Climbers Endeavor to Use Her as a Stepping-Stone

By EDITH A. BROWN

IN SOCIETY, wholesales don't mix with retails; raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny balls of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound; pig iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails."

And this, coming from days past, serves as a text for days present, and being a text is merely apropos.

In almost every field of newspaper work there is an opportunity for the studying, at close range, of that elusive quality known as "human nature," but—with all due credit to the night police reporter—for a collection of all kinds of "human natures," under every condition, in every guise, through the evolutions of every ambition, the palm undoubtedly falls to the one who edits the society department. The woman in her negligee in the privacy of her own boudoir; the woman in her velvets and jewels at the ball or opera; the man in his business relations and the man in his social life—often one, but seldom the same—all kinds of natures, all kinds of peoples, all kinds of ambitions, and all kinds of hobbies and hobby-horses—a veritable human salad (one dare not say hash in referring to society) is served daily to the society editor of a metropolitan newspaper.

I had just rushed the proofs and the last bit of copy for the Sunday society page to the printer one Saturday afternoon when a little woman came panting into my room.

"You are the society editor?" she gasped as she descended upon me.

Before I had time to make the confession, she had thrust before my eyes a ragged bit of white meat paper upon which was written a dim pencil scrawl.

"I want you to print this notice in to-morrow's paper," she declared.

"I am sorry, madam," I replied, "but the society page is closed."

"Closed!" she cried, much after the fashion she would have alluded to a tomato can; "closed! Can't you open it?"

"I am afraid not."

"Why?"

"Well," I replied, endeavoring to remain cordial, "because that is never done except in the case of important news."

She drew herself up indignantly.

"Important!" she exclaimed. "But this is important; you must use it. Why, this woman came down and sang for us for nothing if we would promise to get a notice of it on your page. And we promised."

"My dear madam," said I, "you did not consult us when you made this contract; you didn't even invite us to the concert. I am sorry, but I cannot use your item." And the paper lost "a constant reader."

The item ran thus:

> Madame Anna von Strausberg sang at the regular evening meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Greenwood Park Church, last Monday. Madame Strausberg has a voice of rare and liquid sweetness. Her high notes rival the birds in their morning song. She is one of the best teachers in the city and has a studio in the Jimpson building.

If all these items which are sent by the city people—and not by the "uneducated masses," be it remembered—to the desk of the society editor of a great city daily were to be published verbatim the comic supplement could die a natural death. More than in any other department of the paper, the climber, social and professional, seeks entrance, and the society editor must be on the constant watch lest her department become a veritable advertising page. I say "her," for most newspaper men regard the editing of the society department with much the same degree of enthusiasm they would consider a case of smallpox. And woe betide the young woman of ambitions who meets with even a measure of success in its control! The clinging propensities of a burr are mild in comparison to the adhesive powers of a society editorship; for to the editors the department is something of a thorn in the flesh, and a careless society editor can cause more uncherished epithets to be rained down upon their heads in one week than all the rest of the staff put together. For, be it known, she is dealing with a class of people the majority of whom have worked for Prominence as others work for bread, and Prominence so gained may not permit its prominence to be overlooked or forgotten even in trifles.

If the society editor does not possess tact—she grows tired of the very thought of the word—the "subscriber" who lives on Alley Avenue and keeps a laundry will stop the paper because she has failed to appease his wrath over the omission of his "personal." If she has not accuracy—well, it is astonishing how much thunder can follow a flash like the omission of a hyphen in a hyphenated name, and various other things of equal importance. Again, it is somewhat embarrassing to have the society editor chat pleasantly of the doings of a man who has been dead for some little time, or to record the wanderings of "Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jones," only to receive emphatic information the following morning that Mr. and Mrs. Jones had been divorced the week previous.

It looks easy. But if you think it is as easy as it looks, just try reading and remembering all the divorces, deaths and marriage licenses yourself.

As to the professional climber: An inoffensive personal wanders in. It wants to tell the public that "Dr. Richard Volk will sail for Europe on Saturday, where he will study in Berlin for one year." Or, perhaps, it is the one stating that the doctor has returned and will be glad to see all his old "friends" at his former address. There is an unwritten law in the medical profession, prohibiting the members from advertising in the regular way, but the good physicians who framed the law forgot to make mention of the personal columns of the Sunday paper. If the society editor is not careful she will find this same personal column reading like unto a leaf from a medical journal. Or perhaps it is the owner of a fashionable flat who religiously makes use of the popularity of his renters' names to keep his building constantly before the public; or it even may be the musician who endeavors to use her marriage notice as an advertisement.

The readers of one of our great dailies read not many weeks ago:

> A marriage of the month is that of Miss Agnes Jones to Dr. Samuel Smith. Both are well known in the musical world.

What really came to the society editor, with a request for the publication of the entire contribution, was this—the names, of course, are changed:

> Pleasant news for her numerous friends and admirers is the forthcoming marriage of the well-known violinist, Miss Agnes Jones, internationally famous, and to whom more than to any other musician America owes the renaissance of the instrument. Miss Jones will marry Dr. Samuel Smith, manager of the Johnson Medical Institute.
>
> Both are people of uncommon culture, and both—which argues well for their future happiness—are really devoted to the spread of the gospel according to music, placing its educational value at the highest. Although the musical artists, as a rule, affect other parts of the city as a residence, Miss Jones resides on Fashion Boulevard, where she has been a charming figure during the years of her exceptionally fortunate career. She began the study of the violin at the age of seven years because it was her father's favorite instrument, and she had exceptional advantages in her early schooling in the East, where she was born and received her early musical education. Later in life, when her parents died, the violin, which was her favorite companion in days of ease, became her mainstay when Fate showed her lonely face of discipline. From the first her choice of a career proved to be "action on the line of the least resistance," for she has never faced struggle nor known defeat.
>
> In addition to her primary training she had the advantage of study under violinists to crowned heads, and she ranks, without question, as the best teacher in America. Even more than her masterly style and sympathetic control of her instrument, she is fond of teaching, which is the secret of her success in imparting her own wisdom; while on the other hand, she has never been able to overcome a nervous dread of the publicity of the concert world and the musical tour, for all her apparently serene strength when standing with this most cherished instrument before the sea of strange faces. Miss Jones will continue teaching in her official capacity after her marriage to Doctor Smith, but will not appear in public.

With due justice to the bride, this mild effusion came written in a man's hand, presumably the work of the enthusiastic groom.

The weddings, of course, afford the greatest variety of all the notices sent in. The notice which gives such lengthy praise to the bride that the name of the groom is omitted entirely is not unusual, but the climax came in the following notice which was sent to my desk not many months ago:

> The society circles are looking forward with enthusiastic interest to a wedding of next Wednesday evening which is giving great pleasure to all the friends of the young couple most concerned. St. ——'s Church will be the scene of the service, and the friends of this popular young couple will pack the church to the doors to witness the ceremony. The bride has been prominent in the church, society and charitable circles of the city. The groom is a lawyer by profession, a younger member of the firm of Johnson, Jackson & Johnson, and is a brilliant young man. After their return from their wedding trip they will reside at 2345 Blank Street.

The writer had forgotten to mention the name of either bride or groom, and the only clew afforded the society editor was the name of the firm, to whom she appealed in order to secure the names of the "popular young couple."

Not so very many moons ago an envelope containing two cards of reception size, closely written on both sides, was sent by a bride. The cards announced her coming wedding, with the details of the celebration. The opening sentence characterized the bride as "a wealthy college woman"; it said that she was "well known in the society circles of the East and West," that she was the daughter of a wealthy broker, and that, in her quest for higher education, she had been a student at Vassar and a graduate student for some time at the University of Michigan; that she had been graduated from Boston University and also from her home State normal school. She had studied art in a well-known art institute and architecture in another well-known institute of technology; she had studied music—voice and piano—at a New England conservatory, and she was versed in seven languages—Latin, Italian, Hebrew, Greek, Spanish, German and French. She was also a member of one of the leading Greek-letter fraternities. With this smattering of knowledge, she had managed to "become widely known as a proficient student in English literature," and it was also added that she was "a wealthy society girl much beloved among her home people," although the announcement failed to state at what period in her life she had been at home. The groom was a mere business man with only a normal school and college education of the ordinary kind attached to him. I looked at his name from its little corner on the card, and then I decided not to tell the public about her, after all. It seemed such an unfair advantage to take of a helpless man. Had the newspapers used this material in full, however, the chances are that a wail would have gone up from the family, who would have deplored the conditions in present-day journalism and gone into spasms of public wonder over "how those horrid reporters got all that material."

It is only justice to say that in the world of society there are a few who are as earnest in their endeavors to keep out of public print as are the many in their efforts to get into public print. They form one of the four classes with which the society editor deals and of which the other three are the people who clamor for mention; those who are just as anxious for notice, but who pretend abhorrence of the thought, and those who give the news which they think the public has a right to know with a frankness and businesslike manner which is a source of constant delight to the newspaper world. No one is more ready than a reporter to grasp and appreciate the fact that in the lives of every self-respecting man and woman—and there are many in society of whom the public learns but little—there are things of which the public has no right to know or ask even if the name is made public property through prominence; and self-respecting newspaper reporters and editors need only be assured of the sincerity of the others' attitude in a manner that is at once businesslike and frank to be willing to meet a "story" half-way. No one is inclined to think or speak kindly of the man or woman who uses prominence of name or position as a sort of bludgeon over the heads of those who come on business or professional errands, and a reporter is a human being with these same inclinations. The meeting with Prominence, too, is an old story to the reporter, and particularly in the case of the American society world, where the "rise" has been made from the common level, the reporter-student of all classes is less impressed by the one who has struggled to the top than by the ragged newsgirl on the corner who has the greater effort yet to make. Of course, there are scamps in the newspaper world as there are in the society world, but, unfortunately for both sides, they do not always come in contact with each other.

It is this division and variety of attitudes, however, which places the society editor always on the defensive. She must ever be separating the genuine from the false, the sincere from the pretenders.

"My dear," says Mrs. Smart Set over the telephone, "I've had some photographs taken. They are beautiful, if I do say so myself. I will give you one for publication, but I will swear that one of your reporters stole it."

Perhaps it is the little woman who brings the notice of her tea into the office. Then she writes a letter about it, telephones the society editor the day before the tea and three times on the day of the tea, verily deluging the office with minutest detail, always adding the assertion: "I don't like this sort of thing myself, but all my friends do it." Mayhap it is the woman who gives the society editor her latest picture "because I think so much of you, my dear—but not for publication, oh, no!" And then she adds: "Oh, well! I don't know that I mind so very much. If you do use it, though, give the photographer credit, will you? Now there's a dear"—and the whole story of the free photograph is out at once. It even may be the leader who returns from a long trip. She wishes to be interviewed, but her pride will not let her say so. She telephones the newspaper office, or has her maid do so.

"Some one from your office telephoned for an appointment for an interview with Mrs. Blank" is told the editor. "I believe it was the society editor. Will you tell her that Mrs. Blank will be ready to receive her at two o'clock?"

The society editor keeps the appointment, and inquiry at the office later develops that no one asked for the interview in the first place. The next day Mrs. Blank tells some friends that "it is very annoying never to be able to move without a reporter at one's heels."

On the other hand, I shall never forget the day when, as a young society reporter, I announced to other young women on the staff my intention of calling upon a well-known elderly matron who, it was announced, would give a dinner to some young people on the following evening.

"Well, you are brave," said one.

"Do you know her?" asked another.

"No, I have never seen her," I replied.

They looked at each other and laughed.

"Why?" I questioned.

"Well, because she not only will treat you with decided incivility, but the chances are the maid will refuse to let you in."

I was at the "rushing in" period of my newspaper career, and I decided to try. It was a cold, wintry day—the kind of cold that follows a hard snowstorm.

I went to the home of the "crank," as she had been catalogued. When the maid came to the door I asked for her mistress, was told she was in and handed my card to be taken to her. The maid glanced at me, and asked me to come into the drawing-room. Of course, this was the usual proceeding, but hardly according to the program arranged. I sat down and waited for the refusal to be seen, but in a moment there was a rustle of silk, and a lady of the old school stood smiling before me.

"I do not believe I have met you before?" she half questioned.

"No, you have not," I replied.

"Have you been in the city long?" she asked.

"But a few weeks," I answered.

She asked my mission and I stated it. Then she looked at me for a moment and said:

"My dear, I am all alone in the world. My husband is dead; I have no children. I am fond of company, particularly of the company of young people, and, to have them about me, I entertain frequently with small affairs for the brides and débutantes. In my lonely position, however, I think it much better to keep out of public notice. I have tried for many years, but I have not succeeded. Will you do me the favor of never mentioning my name?"

I studied for a moment, and then I asked frankly:

"You are sincere in that desire?"

"Perfectly," she answered.

"Then I will do it," I answered. "You understand, where large and important affairs are concerned this promise will not apply, but except in those cases your name will never appear in my society column."

She thanked me, and we drifted out into conversation on other topics. When I arose to go she accompanied me to the door, and noticing my overshoes in the vestibule, she snatched them up, turned them over the drawing-room register, insisted upon my returning until they were thoroughly warmed, and sat down again to talk. She was essentially the woman of warm hospitality.

I never saw her again and I never mentioned her name, for she avoided the large affairs, but she was sincere in her wish to lead her own life quietly.

The Prima Donna Husband

He Sees to it That Musical Marriages Are Not Made in Heaven

By William Armstrong

HE MAY be divided into three classes—the prima donna husband; he is either the adventurer, the ne'er-do-weel, or the calmly, magnificently do-less. The first class is the most dangerous, the third the most exasperating, and the second, because it has at least some qualities of mind and heart, when both are not befogged, the least objectionable.

This in no way reflects upon the array of those husbands who work, enjoying professional, financial or social distinction; who give a home to the singer in its best sense. But these men, the exception, are the husbands of prima donnas, and not the prima donna husband, who is both the rule and a class apart to himself. I well know that any one stirring about in the pool matrimonial, no matter what corner of it, is apt to have a brick shied at his head. But it is equally true that the one who does the shying is generally a personage whose domestic *entente cordiale* is already shattered into such infinitesimal bits that a magnifying glass is needed to find them. The ne'er-do-weel, the do-less, the adventurer, in their superfluous plentitude, remain then, even after this weeding process, the three types most generously in evidence.

If you put the question why a class of noted women, otherwise so sensible and even far-seeing, are so singularly duped in their matrimonial experiments, the answer is a simple one enough. They know less of the world than any other order of people. The prima donna's circle of intimates is limited, she hears little, although in a way she knows much, and she has small time for anything else beyond her art. Singularly alone before she marries, she is oftener more alone afterward, for the husband in whom she confides shuts out, more or less, any other chance of intimacy that might mean enlightenment. It is to his interest to do so.

Should there gradually grow upon the prima donna the truth about the man in whom she has invested, she keeps the fact to herself if she is proud. If she is not, and takes the world partially into her confidence—to take it fully would be beyond the endurance of even the most superficial—the affair is perhaps attributed by the public to that caprice which it is pleased to attribute as an invariable prima donna attribute. Indeed, knowing this as well as her less artistic neighbor, the singer is, on that very account, loath to air her troubles, and bears up, very often, in silence. That is the grand opera singer. The one in comic opera is taken by the world at a face value of natural frivolity—though I do not say she should be—and is smilingly allowed to fix her own latitude and longitude in such matters. The prima donna *per se* is looked on as the property of the world, especially in America and England, where her every doing—and the more it is distorted into the unusual the better—is read with avidity.

Familiar by sight and name to all, she makes as universal a fund of conversation as the weather. Even in the great world there are so few topics of general interest to the average that she is eagerly seized on.

So, having made her mistake in the public seclusion to which she is elected, the prima donna is generally prone to keep the theme of it to herself. If things go beyond endurance the world is surprised at the suddenness of a tardy discovery. The small circle of intimates that the prima donna gathers about her knows of the exceptional bitterness that has led up to it, but the small intimate circle has long ago learned to hold its tongue—it would not have remained a small intimate circle if it had not. Even if it had chosen to speak there was the bane of distortion which so easily creeps in when a musical celebrity is written about; it makes what is called "spicy" reading, and meets the popular expectation.

If you ask why the prima donna has such frequent matrimonial misadventures the answer again is an easy one. She is common prey. Generally beautiful, always attractive, earning a great deal of money, all the world knows about her, and she, in turn, knows little or nothing about the world. She must take things at their face value or not at all.

When her voice and her beauty are praised it is no new thing to her; she has been told so so often that her recognition of it can scarcely be termed vanity, which in its truest sense is, after all, the believing of compliments that have no foundation of fact. And with her they have a foundation of fact. The man may be handsome, is apparently congenial, he worships her and claims to be bound up in her interests. What woman asks more? With her limited resource for finding out the truth, and because of the thick atmosphere of flattery that surrounds her, the nicer things appear to be the more ready she is to believe them. So she trots off to the parson with her investment, and her troubles begin.

The major part of this class gets the calmly do-less husband, the longest matrimonially lived of the lot, because he is too lazy not to be blindly amenable. I have seen such a one theatrically tear up the score of an immortal work in his wife's presence, after she had failed to make a success in it, and declare that he would not allow her to submit to singing it again, because it was unworthy of her beautiful voice. He keeps the drafts away from her, stands about with her wraps, tells even deaf ears of her beauty and wonderful voice, and how much better she sings than her rivals. He repeats, too, all the garbled gossip he hears of the unpleasant things said of her by other singers, and tries, in turn, to say still more unpleasant things of them, which he comforts his wife with in repetition.

If you are a writer he will lay in wait for you to observe madame in the next act, when her supreme moment arrives. He is a strange combination of maid, nurse and press-agent. But he never earns a dollar for himself. You readily fancy him as left at home to make cake and rock the cradle, but you never fancy him as being a man. Living on the money a woman earns, how could he be?

Yet this, speaking generally and of the majority, is the most comfortable prima donna husband secured. Many wives of such go on earning enough for both to live and retire on, and seem satisfied and blind to the true conditions, no matter with what clear contempt outsiders may view them. That is the nearest to the sturdy oak and clinging ivy of metaphor that many of them get.

If masculine and feminine are reversed, and the husband flaunts a luxurious parasite on the vigorously active growth of his wife, we should be satisfied, assuredly, if she is. But is she? Are there not moments when the veil of his assiduous inactivity is rent in twain, letting in a glimpse of the vacuous desuetude she has married in mistake for a man?

The ne'er-do-weel is generally lovable—when he clearly knows what he is about, and sometimes even when he does not. He is usually good-looking, and as a rule either very stout or preternaturally thin, according to the brand that is his favorite. He genuinely loves his wife, if not so well as his chosen label, at least as well as his affections for things merely human allow. And he never loves any one better.

He works, when intellectual clarity allows, generally in some subordinate position, and he makes muddled contracts for his spouse—until she learns that she herself can make better ones. But he works, in his individual way; loves her, also, in his individual way; is a numerous father and dies early, making way for a possible successor. As we all know, when a man of this type dies his widow often

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buries his faults with him, and thus she is left with a strengthened sense of the value of masculine worth.

To write of the third type, the adventurer, one would wish to do it with a penholder at least thirty feet long, for it is with difficulty and great self-restraint that the subject is approached at nearer range. He generally springs from obscurity, and his brow remains free from the corroding moisture of toil, which is one of the few things that he is willing to leave in the possession of others. He may not know the Koran, but he knows human nature, and he places both affections and intimate friendships with a careful regard that open hearts mean also open purses. By the time that born instinct becomes ripened experience he reaches some metropolis, a jungle that holds the prey of the world. Carefully enameled with the manners of a gentleman, his manner has a something more ingratiating than most gentlemen attain. Nobody asks any questions, because his frankness leaves room for the suggestion of none. Like the wind, none knoweth whence he cometh or whither he goeth — as far as truth goes.

He is a new type in the way that he says and does things, and having no thought of labor on his mind, has the more free time for the gentler occupations of existing. When the prima donna comes in his path she flutters a little, perhaps from instinct or premonition, perhaps from the novelty thrust in her way. Knowing her world so well that she knows little outside of it, and being adored her usual right — and this time almost before she knows it — she stops thinking at once, and matrimony naturally follows.

She loves her art and is willing to stick to it, which is well, as she now needs twice as much money to spell the title of madame as she required to spell that of mademoiselle, though there are less letters in it.

The time that follows is more or less miserable and heartbreaking. The finding out of things for herself, if she is proud, is easier than having others make a like discovery. So she holds her own counsel — and sings, and sings.

This also is well, for her husband is busy, not uncommonly in another part of the world. There are many different kinds of things to buy, and he needs large sums to buy them with. His past fades in the perspective of its obscure beginnings, and he basks in the glow of present social acceptance, for social acceptance is one of the prima donna husband's perquisites.

Sometimes his day ends. If it does it is the best one, for her, that the prima donna has known since that dated twenty-four hours before she knew him. If he leaves her, perhaps, richer in experience, he is not so thoughtless as to leave her the richer in anything else. For when a woman gives her faith there is something so profound and unquestioning in it that she forgets to put her hand on the check-book in her pocket, and a prima donna is only a woman, like other women, except that sometimes she is even more impetuously womanly in her devotion. It is her temperament.

If a woman has the kind of a heart that makes the side of her life as a singer all-satisfying, perhaps the little item of the sort of a husband she has got does not matter. If she has not that kind of a heart — and there are plenty of this deeper, womanly type — the matter is one that makes people stop and think on it.

I never read an article of the numerous kind which incites young girls with a voice to become second Pattis that I do not recall the exclamation of a great singer after she had read one — "They had better be at home nursing their babies," she cried as she contemptuously flung it from her.

And there is the problem! Is the career of a woman, no matter how great, in itself sufficient? Is not the woman in her pretty sure to remain the stronger. Yet with the prima donna almost inevitable conditions are apt to shut her out from any expansion of this stronger side of her nature. I am not now speaking of the exceptions of the happily married prima donnas: I am speaking of the rule — of the unworthily married ones. And, somehow, conditions bring about a strange situation very often, where the prima donna is concerned.

To the happy class belong of necessity those who have married men who work. With these must especially be included the ones who have married instrumental musicians — not singers, for Daudet has told us of that type in his Wives of Great Men, and the furious part that jealousy plays. Indeed, I can think of no canto overlooked by Dante in writing his Inferno which would have been more uncomfortable than one telling of a prima donna and first tenor married and doomed to sing in the shades in the same company. On the other hand, the prima donna may marry outside of her profession and leave it entirely, and still find more happiness than she knew in it. It is only another phase of the problem.

Mining Human Credulity

(Concluded from Page 9)

institution, and it would not have happened at all if he himself had not been so busy with a perfectly worthless humbug in the shape of a three-legged railway that he was unable to keep an eye on his subordinate.

There are scores of Wall Street offices in which one can find almost any afternoon a financial wizard with a sharp face, gimlet eyes and jaunty attire darting about as actively as a water-bug, talking knowingly about the market, predicting a rapid rise in the common stock of that gilt-edged industrial, Indiana Pie-crust, and lifting the warning forefinger when questioned in regard to United States Government bonds as an investment for a widow's jointure. As he darts about, keen as a briar, listened to by all and apparently holding the financial situation of the entire country in the hollow of his hand, he reminds us more of a bit of radium than anything else, and we ask ourselves how many millions of money this marvel of astuteness and prudence has been able to accumulate during the three decades that he has spent in Wall Street.

Two days later his failure is announced on the exchange. Then we learn that every dollar that he could raise of his own, together with that belonging to his family and the margins deposited by his customers, has been invested in a process for converting sea-water into gold by means of electricity, an investment which he considered safer and likely to yield a larger profit than anything offered in the market since the Keely motor.

Since the revelations in the Chadwick case I have made careful inquiry regarding the Sub-Treasury and the precautions taken by the Government to insure the safety of those enormous deposits in which I myself, in common with every other American citizen, have a direct personal interest. I was much gratified to learn that the guardian of these huge heaps of gold and silver is restrained by a wise law from investing them in any manner likely to win the approbation of high financial circles. Even such splendid properties as sealed envelopes containing sheets of blotting-paper; verbal contracts with the Government; patent processes for converting sea-water into gold and spring radishes into sapphires, and the highly decorative shares of Gold Brick Preferred, are not considered when offered to our Government as security for loans. Nor will our excellent Government allow any such items in the expense account as "Consulting Boston medium, twenty dollars"; and if Bright Eyes, the Indian maiden, desires to wed, and the Treasury is so advised direct from the spirit land by way of the modern Athens, the United States Government cannot be made to foot the bills. Is there no way by which financiers of the Beckwith and Oberlin College brand can be placed under similar restraint?

The great lesson to be learned from the case of Mrs. Cassie Chadwick — a lesson that it is to be hoped the rising generation will profit by — is that, to repeat, the woman was, in reality, neither lucky nor clever in the true sense of those terms. For years she led a life of ceaseless torment and anxiety, haunted by a constant dread that her bluff would be called and her carefully planned schemes exposed to the contumely of the world. It is true that now and then she was able to buy automobiles, jewels and fine clothes, and it is true also that she was able to impress custodians of trust funds, bankers, officers of universities and others of the open-mouthed school of thought with a deep sense of her wealth, her social position and her ability as a woman of business. But now, as she lies behind the prison bars, babbling feebly of the "prominent citizens" who are her friends and of the Nemesis that will overtake the community when she "tells all she knows," she presents a picture almost pitiable enough to awaken thoughts of mercy. Surely there is nothing "smart" or "clever" in a scheme of finance that has this for its wind-up!

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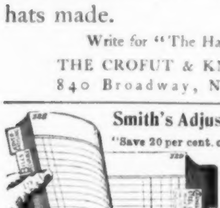

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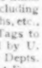

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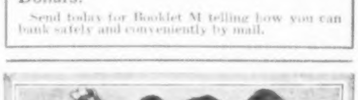

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BY GELETT BURGESS

MR. MASTERSON frowned, and the black, rubber-framed glasses dropped from his nose as he looked up. He did not rise as the young lady entered, accompanied by a rustling of silk skirts and the odor of violets.

She was a blooming, gorgeous, yellow-haired girl of eighteen, with an expansive smile and an easy confidence in the presence of the manager at his desk. Her entry lighted up the dim, formal office as if by a ray of sunshine; and, amidst its dull browns and greens, she shone with the color of a blooming poppy. She swept up to an arm-chair, sat down, and looked frankly at the gray side-whiskered, sharp-nosed old man before her, leveling her blue eyes upon him with the patronizing confidence of the free-born American girl.

"I suppose you're awfully busy, pa," she began.

"Certainly; I'm always busy. What do you suppose I come down here for—my health?" he answered pettishly.

"Please don't be cross, pa. I've got something very important to tell you to-day."

"How much do you want?" the father replied patiently, reaching for his checkbook. "I gave you a hundred dollars on Tuesday, didn't I?"

"Oh, it's not money this time!" she laughed. "I've got enough to last till the end of the week. It's worse than that, pa!"

The weary, resigned expression on the manager's face changed to something like curiosity. He looked at her sharply. "What is it?" he asked.

"First of all, you must promise not to be angry; and, second, you must promise to say 'yes,'" she insisted, shaking a little finger at him.

"See here, Lou," her father exclaimed irritably, "I've got an important appointment for five o'clock, and if you have anything to say that you can't just as well say at home, you'd better say it in a hurry, for I'm very busy!" He took up a paper-cutter and fingered it nervously.

Louise pursed her lips. "Well," she began, "it's just this: I suppose you think I'm a giddy, scatterbrained thing—you think I'm still a little girl—but I'm not, pa! I'm grown up. I grew up"—here she puckered her level, blond brows—"yesterday afternoon at two o'clock!"

"I don't see that you've changed much," her father said.

"Well, I have! I'm a woman now, and I know my own mind! I know what I want!"

"Might I venture to inquire what brought this change about?" he inquired dryly.

"I'm coming to that," said Louise. "But first, I want to know if you think I have any common-sense?"

"No, you haven't!" her father replied. "If you had, you'd tell me what you have to say without beating about the bush. But what do you mean?"

"Well—ability to judge character, for one thing."

"You evidently can't judge mine!"

"Suppose we call it intuition, then," she went on. "I've got loads of that. My intuition told me you'd be cross. Now, what I want to know is, are you going to let me be happy in the way my intuition tells me I can be, or is your common-sense going to get up on its hind legs and claw?"

Mr. Masterson was too puzzled to protest against his daughter's figures of speech, and, besides, he was too used to them. "What's the matter now?" he demanded. "I don't see why you're not happy enough! I've given you all the money you wanted—and everything else."

"No, you haven't, pa!" she retorted. "You've given me everything that you've *wanted* me to want, but the only things I ever really cared for you've refused. I wanted to go to college, and you objected. I wanted to study nursing, and you wouldn't let me. I wanted to go to Scotland with Aunt Eliza, and you put your foot down."

"You wanted to go to Scotland because that young Driblee was going to be there! You know it, and I know it, and your Aunt Eliza knows it!"

"You're getting pretty warm, pa," said Miss Masterson coolly. "That brings me to my especial and particular business—which is very important both to me and to you."

The manager jumped to his feet and stood before her, shaking his rubber-framed glasses at her. "You don't mean to say——" he began.

"Yes, I do, pa!" she answered, staring up at him; "but if you prefer to say it yourself, why, go ahead!"

"That nincompoop, that—that——"

"Don't be absurd and ridiculous, pa. There's no need of making a scene! Mr. Driblee is *not* a nincompoop nor a 'that, that'—whatever you were going to call him."

He posed magnificently before her, and again he shook his glasses impressively, to accent his words. "I'll never give my consent; never! You may talk yourself black in the face, Louise, but you can't possibly wheedle me into consenting to such a foolish match as that! Listen! On no account whatever shall I agree to your marrying Driblee——"

"Mr. Driblee," his daughter amended.

"On no account whatever," he repeated. "I hope you distinctly understand that, Louise!"

Miss Masterson put her face into her muff and blew the fur playfully, though the tears had come to her eyes. The manager paced the room sullenly. Before this tense silence was broken by either it was interrupted by a knock upon the door of the outer office. Then a boy entered with a card.

The manager seemed to welcome the interruption. Slipping his rubber-framed glasses astride his sharp nose, he scanned the name.

"Reverend John McCoulter," he read aloud. He frowned, and the glasses dropped the length of the silk cord. "Show him in!" he commanded.

"But, *pa*," his daughter cried, "I've not *nearly* finished yet. You might let him wait until we're through talking, at least!"

"I beg your pardon, but we *are* through talking," said the manager firmly. "There is positively nothing further to be said on the subject. I have given you your answer, and it is for you to acquiesce. If you want to stay here, of course you may; but I warn you it will do no good."

He looked to the door, and stood majestically, with his hands behind his back. The girl kept her seat, biting her lip. A tall, smooth-shaven, oily, clerically-garbed gentleman entered, holding a silk hat in both hands. He bowed ceremoniously to father and daughter, and spoke unctuously:

"I trust you will pardon my interrupting you in business hours, but I have taken the liberty of calling upon you, Mr. Masterson, because of your well-known generosity and charitable instincts."

Mr. Masterson's brows went down, and his daughter's went up.

"I am collecting funds for the children's ward of St. Luke's Hospital," the clergyman went on. "I am sure I need not tell you how good and how important a work this charity is doing, nor how urgent is its need of funds. It depends for its support upon voluntary contributions, and any amount you can spare will be exceedingly welcome." He cast down his eyes to the dull green carpet and awaited a reply.

Mr. Masterson walked to his desk, sat down, and ostentatiously consulted his watch. "I'm very sorry, Mr. McCoulter, but I'm afraid I can't spare you anything to-day," he said, and began to turn over his papers.

The clergyman put out one gloved hand with a gesture of polite appeal. "But I assure you, my dear Mr. Masterson," he said, "even the smallest possible sum would prove infinitely acceptable. Just at present, our accommodations are overtaxed by applications from patients. When you consider the sad fact that over twenty little children's cases are well-known——"

"It's impossible, sir!" Mr. Masterson broke in impatiently. "I don't at all believe in promiscuous almsgiving, and I haven't time to investigate this cause. There's always a lot of money wasted in such institutions, which, if used in a businesslike

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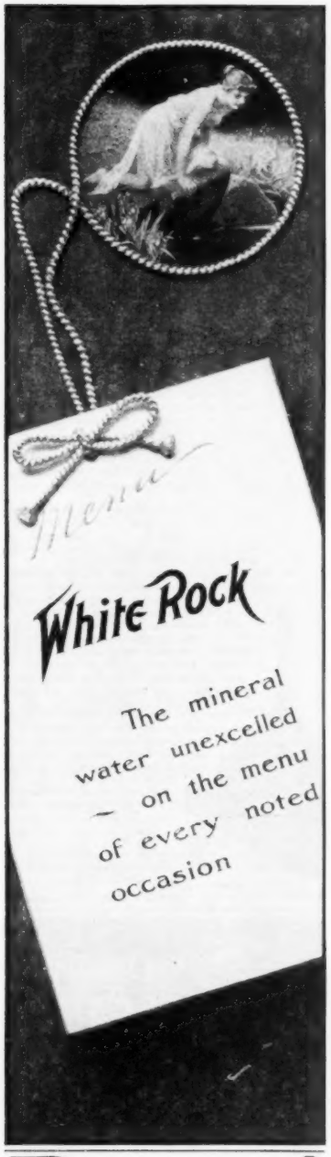

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way, would prove sufficient for all needs. You're not a business man, Mr. McCoulter, and you don't understand these things, but I have made a study of the financing of large interests, and I have little patience with women's ways of conducting charity. That's all I have to say about it."

His daughter now took a part in the discussion. "Here's twenty dollars, Doctor McCoulter," she said, feeling in her purse for the money. "If that will do any good you're welcome to it. I do think you're doing a great work."

"That's just twenty off your next allowance, then, Louise," her father snapped fiercely. "I'll remember that when you ask for money next time. I don't intend to have my money thrown away on sentimental almsgiving!"

"My dear sir! Really, I must protest!" cried the Reverend McCoulter.

"I must ask you to excuse me, sir," was Mr. Masterson's chill reply. "I have an appointment for five-o'clock."

The clergyman pursed his lips together tightly and bowed; then walked from the room with his head held high. Miss Masterson flashed a scornful glance at her father.

"Pa," she said judicially, "you're simply horrid to-day!"

"Why do you stay here, then?" he asked.

"I won't!" she exclaimed with spirit. "I'll go and tell Herbert exactly what we have to expect!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" cried Mr. Masterson. "You're to return home just as soon as you can get there, Louise, and wait till I come, and be sure you're ready to go to the theatre with me after dinner! I intend to put a stop to this nonsense about Driblee right away. Why didn't he come here and ask me himself, like a man? That's the way *I* did when *I* wanted to get married."

"Because I wouldn't let him," said Louise. "And if you want to know why, it was because I knew you would insult him, and he'd say things he'd be sorry for. I thought you might listen to me if I spoke to you myself, but I'm not going to get down on my knees to you even to get Herbert without a row! I'm too much my father's daughter for that!" And she swept magnificently toward the door.

"And I'm too much my daughter's father not to have my way about it!" said her father. "See here, Louise, I'll settle this nonsense right now! I've got to go West to-morrow, and you'll go along with me."

He rescued himself at his desk and took up the telephone. "Hello, is that you, Cora?" he said, after his house number had been given him. "See here: I want you to pack up Miss Louise's things immediately—all she'll need for three months."

"But *pa*," cried Louise, "I simply *can't* go! I'm not ready! I've nothing to wear, and I have no end of engagements for next month."

"There's *one* engagement that'll be off, at any rate," he sneered. "I'll see that you have all the clothes you want."

"You can take me to California, pa, or you can take me to Mars," Lou said deliberately; "it won't make any difference whatever. Herbert will wait for me. And I intend to marry him, if I have to do it by wireless telegraphy!"

Mr. Masterson laughed sarcastically as she swirled out the door. A few minutes later he heard the elevator gate click in the hall outside. He resumed his work calmly, and for an hour busied himself with his papers. From time to time he smiled grimly.

He looked up, at last, at the entrance of his office boy for perhaps the twentieth time. "Who is it now?" he demanded.

"A note, sir," said the boy, handing him a piece of paper evidently torn from a notebook. Mr. Masterson unfolded it and read, scrawled in pencil:

Dear Pa:
Will you please send me fifty dollars by the bearer, in a hurry? I didn't think I'd need it so soon; so oblige
Your aff. daughter, LOUISE.

"Where did you get this?" said the manager.

"Your daughter sent it up, sir."

"Where is she? Why didn't she come herself? What do you mean by giggling like that?"

"She's in the elevator, sir—it's caught between the ninth and tenth stories, just below here—she can't get out, sir—I beg your pardon, sir, but I couldn't help smiling."

"In the elevator!" the manager exclaimed. "Why, she left here an hour ago. Why didn't you let me know before?"

"She wouldn't allow you to be called, sir; she positively forbade it, sir."

"I don't understand—it's most extraordinary—and what in the world can she want of fifty dollars, anyway?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir."

"Who's in the elevator with her?"

"Oh, there's four or five of them there—Doctor McCoulter, for one. The machinists have been working away at the cage for half an hour, but the winding drum's broke, and they can't get the thing up or down without danger, and so nobody can get out."

"Outrageous!" Mr. Masterson cried, and darted out through the door into the hall.

There were three elevator shafts, side by side, in the building, and it was the central one which had met with the accident. The manager forced a group of people aside, and, glancing slantwise downward, he saw the roof of the car, half-way between the two floors. Upon the grille-work roof a machinist was pounding, while another busied himself with the slackened cables. Peering between them as well as he could, Mr. Masterson perceived the top of a broad black hat with white feathers.

"Louise!" he called; "is that Louise?"

"Yes, pa," came the sweet-toned answer.

"Why didn't you let me know you were there all this time?" he demanded angrily.

"Oh, there's no danger, pa, and we were having such a good time that I really forgot all about it!"

"Having a good time!" he repeated. "Why, who's with you?"

"Oh, several friends, old and new. Doctor McCoulter, for one."

"I'm so glad you had company," Mr. Masterson replied frigidly.

"Oh, yes, pa, we were well chaperoned, I assure you. You'll be very glad to hear it, for Mr. Driblee is here, too."

"Oh, he is, is he? How in the world did he happen to get there?"

"He was waiting for me outside your office door, pa."

"How d'you do, Mr. Masterson?" came from Mr. Driblee.

The machinist's pounding fortunately obscured Mr. Masterson's next remark. A titter from the bystanders increased the old man's fury. He walked to the right-hand elevator shaft and rang the call-bell. When the car answered, he walked in and directed that it be lowered to a level with the prisoners. It stopped alongside the damaged cage.

"Now, young man," cried Mr. Masterson, "this is just about as good a time as any to tell you my sentiments! I'm exceedingly sorry to have to humiliate you in the presence of witnesses, but I give you warning that you must cease your attentions to my daughter. This is the last opportunity you'll have for some time, I think, to have the pleasure of her society."

"I think not, sir," said Mr. Driblee pacifically. "I intend to spend about twenty-four hours a day with her for the next two months, at least."

Mr. Masterson burst into renewed fury, and shook his fist at the young man. "You young scoundrel!" he cried. "How dare you speak of Miss Masterson in that outrageous manner?"

"Don't get mad, pa," the young lady broke in; "it's no use: there are two sets of bars between us, you know. Besides, you've got the name wrong. I am Mrs. Herbert Driblee, if you please!"

"What do you mean?" thundered her father, lashed into new furies by the covert smiles passing between the occupants of the car. The man on top had ceased pounding.

The Reverend McCoulter took up the explanation: "I have just performed the marriage ceremony, sir. As Mr. Driblee was already provided with a proper license, and we had, as competent witnesses, the two gentlemen on the roof of the car, and as, moreover, your daughter is of age, I did not, under the circumstances, deem it necessary to consult you in the case. There seemed, also, to be a certain urgency in the minds of the contracting parties which excused the somewhat incongruous surroundings, so to speak."

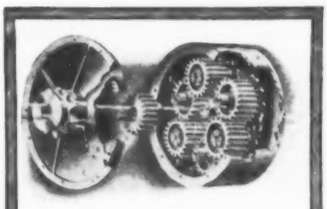
Mr. Masterson stared in speechless amazement at the happy pair.

"We had a be—autiful wedding, pa! The elevator boy gave me away. Wasn't it sweet of him?"

Mr. Masterson struggled for the possession of his senses. "Then what did you mean by that absurd note you sent up to me?" he demanded.

There was a rippling laugh from his daughter before she answered:

"Oh, yes. You see, Herbert didn't happen to have but a few dollars with him, and I thought you'd be glad to do the right thing by the minister, pa, even if it *was* a rather sentimental charity!"



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Churchyard Literature

Epitaphs Quaint and Queer

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS

A GRAVEYARD is the last place in the world where one would look for wit or humor, or for ludicrous expressions of sentiment; yet much humor has been gathered from the spectral white slabs of burying-grounds, and mortuary puns are by no means the rarest provocatives of merriment.

Especially amusing is it to trace on the old moss-grown and weather-beaten tombstones of New England the quaint and characteristic marks of the simplicity of early times. In the days of the Puritan forefathers, if a deceased person had been elevated to an office so honorable to himself, and so imposing in the eye of foreign nations, as that of deacon of the church, first selectman or town clerk, the fact was emblazoned on his tombstone. If the dead man had enjoyed the majesty of a captain in the militia or justice of the peace, surviving relatives never failed to mention it.

Occasionally the syntax of these effusions of the unlettered muse was such as to throw a grammarian into convulsions; as, for example, that of the following couplet, copied from a gravestone in Maine:

Weep not for me, my children dear;
I am not dead, but sleepeth here.

Many ancient gravestones are sprinkled with moral reflections, warnings and pieces of solemn advice, as though the monuments of the dead were to be the constant study of the living! A citizen of Woolwich, Maine, left at his death a testamentary order that these familiar lines should be inscribed on his tombstone:

Youthful reader, passing by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be,
Therefore prepare to follow me!

The "disconsolate widow" of the author added this couplet:

To follow you I am not content,
Until I know which way you went.

It is said that the unhappy woman was reluctantly persuaded by the clergyman of the village to have these two lines removed after they had long adorned the tombstone.

Here is an epitaph which is a model of conciseness and elegant simplicity. Many a life which fills a volume is no more remarkable than John Oakes', and might be told in as few words:

Here lies the body of John Oakes,
Who lived and died like other folks.

Hardly less noteworthy is the following, the last line of which is the very soul of pathos:

In youth he was a scholar bright;
In learning he took great delight;
He was a major's only son—
It was for love he was undone.

On the tombstone of a married woman was inscribed this dubious compliment to her "lord and master": "Maria, wife of Timothy Brown, aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

In Dorchester, Massachusetts, may still be seen, it is said, an ancient epitaph of a young woman who died very suddenly:

On the 21st of March
God's angels made a *sarche;*
Around the door they stood—
They took a maid,
It is said,
And cut her down like wood.

A friend of Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, lost by death a dearly loved wife, and, in his grief, had these words inscribed on her tombstone: "The light of mine eyes has gone out." Within a year the bereaved married again. When asked by a gentleman with whom he was viewing the tomb what he would say of the present state of affairs, in view of the words on the tombstone, the Bishop replied: "I think the words, 'But I have struck *another match*,' should be added."

A good time to "dye" was that when the wife of Colonel Jonathan Tyng departed from the earth "on June 5th, Anno Dom'i 1780, in ye 99th year of her age . . . A woman of most Exempl'ry Vertue and Piety, Rich in Grace, Ripe for Glory."

In 1792 a certain major had these lines engraved on his wife's tombstone:

Had virtue's charm the power to save
And free her votaries from the grave,
This stone had ne'er possessed the fame
Of being marked with Polly's name.

Of American punning epitaphs that of Cotton Mather, D. D., on Ralph *Partridge* has never been surpassed:

AVOLAVIT

—that is: "He has flown."

Many foreign epitaphs are repeated in different churchyards. An Englishman has found in one churchyard a dozen copies of this: "Affliction sore long time I bore." The following:

She was, but—
Reasons ForBids me to Sa what;
But think what a woman should Be,
And she was that

—a strange verse (if such it may be called) for a gravestone, yet it may be found in at least five different places in England.

Here is a touching epitaph from Biddeford, England, churchyard:

The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided,
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sickened, and he *died!*

Ludicrous contractions, dictated by penuriousness or enforced by lack of space, have sometimes disfigured epitaphs. A widower in England directed this line to be inscribed on his wife's tombstone:

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.

The cutter, not having space for the word "crown," hit upon this very startling substitute:

A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband.

On the monument in Westminster Abbey to Chief Justice Kenyon—who was a miserly man—is this inscription:

Mors janua vitæ.

A gentleman who was visiting the Abbey in company with a friend, an eminent English barrister, asked the explanation of this blunder. "Don't you know," was the reply, "that Kenyon couldn't afford the expense of a diphthong?" (Vitæ).

In the following mournful distich the cruel exigency of rhyme has robbed Mr. Woodcock of half his name:

Here lies, aged threescore and ten,
The aged remains of John Woodhen.
N. B. For hen, read cock. Cock would not come in rhyme.

The sarcastic Boileau wrote the following paradoxical epitaph:

Ci-gît, justement regretté,
Un savant homme sans science,
Un gentilhomme sans naissance,
Un très-bon homme sans bonté!

That is—"Here lies, justly regretted, a learned man without learning, a gentleman without birth, a very good man without goodness." The same wit pronounced the following the finest epitaph upon record:

Ci-gît ma femme; ah! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos, et pour le mien!

(Here lies my wife; ah, how well that is, for her repose and mine!)

No one needs to be told that this inscription is from an Irish churchyard:

Here lies the body of Jonathan Mound,
Lost at sea, and niver was found.

The next is from a tombstone in Longner, Ireland:

Here lies my three children dear,
Two at Harlington, and one here;
They are gone to rest, I hope, in Heaven!
One thousand eight hundred and seven.

Rather a sudden descent from sentiment to statistics in that last line! A capital epitaph on Charles Knight, the author and publisher, was that proposed by Douglas Jerrold, who was usually more cutting than complimentary:

Good Knight!

Finally, what can be neater than this epitaph on the voluminous Southey by Thomas Moore, who said of himself, "I'm of no party, as a man, but, as a poet, am-atory"?:

Peace to his manes, and may he sleep
As soundly as his readers did!

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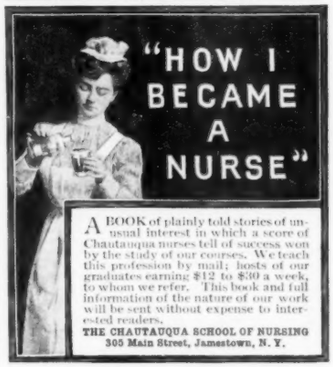

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The American Jokesmith

His Melancholy Task of Making Other People Laugh

By BERT LESTON TAYLOR

THAT the Americans are a humorous people has been denied, with show of truth. That we think we are a humorous people is no more to be denied than the jolly-good-fellowship of a certain Knight, whose Quest of the Silver Cup has entertained two nations. It may properly be objected that true humor has little to do with much or most of what is labeled humor; this is a trail leading elsewhere. I have in mind the joke of commerce, the mainstay of the "comic paper," a popular term embracing all periodicals designed solely to amuse.

To the proposition that Americans are not a humorous people, but only think they are, perhaps no man will more readily assent than the editor of a "comic paper"; not so much because of the small number of good jokes in the market, as because of the enormous number of unsolicited and impossible contributions that stuff his daily mail. Here is a fair specimen of uncontrolled merriment from an amateur humorist in Richmond, Virginia:

> *Gentlemen:* I am sending you a darky joke in real life, and I trust that you will find it acceptable. A young darky in our employ was asked by his teacher to give a sentence with the word doubt in it to show that he understood the use of the word. The young gentleman quickly replied, "I came to school dis mornin' 'dout my breakfus'." Were I a cartoonist I would like to sketch you the countenance of the gentleman in question, which added considerably to the zest of the joke.

Helpful hints of like nature come from all parts of the United States. Remuneration is usually expected, and frequently a staff position is suggested. A persisting type is the convalescent who, pending his return to the brickyard or rolling-mill, writes:

> I don't make a business of writing jokes, but my friends tell me I really ought to be on a comic paper. I think of a great many funny jokes. Here is one.

Which I omit.

Then there is the other unconscious comedian who informs the editor, in effect, that while he is waiting for the surgeon to come and saw his leg off he thinks he will jot down a few "funny things" to while the tedious hours away. "What do you pay for jokes?" he inquires. "What size paper should I use? and what kind of a pen?" Which recalls the amateur jokesmith who once wrote to H. C. Bunner, of blessed memory: "Editor Puck: What will you give me for the inclosed?" And Bunner's reply: "Five yards start."

At Space Rates

This from a premature jokesmith in the Nutmeg State:

> *Dear Sir:* Inclosed joke was received to day—returned to me by you as unavailable. I had taken your long delay in acknowledging its receipt as proof of its acceptance, and in consequence presumed too much upon its intrinsic merit, by informing a literary friend that it would appear in ———. I shall not be so rash next time. However, as you cannot publish it at an expense to yourself, I would respectfully ask if it may appear in ———, at my expense, and if so what will that expense be, minus the telltale marks of a paid contribution?

In contrast to the Connecticut gentleman's unhappy precipitancy is the cautious inquiry of a gentleman in Washington:

> *Gentlemen:* I have a small joke I would like very much to send your firm. Would you kindly send me your instructions in doing the above said, and your terms also? It consists of about thirty words.

The foregoing specimens of amateur joking are drawn at random from several bulging pigeonholes, and are contributed as a small sidelight on the moot question: Are we a humorous people? When we come to professional joke writing we reach a more melancholy survey.

Joke writing, as doubtless has been pointed out before, is profitable employ. The common or garden variety of joke fetches fifty cents; it may be a brief dialogue, it may be but a line. If it is good enough for illustration it becomes what is technically termed a "comic," and fetches two dollars. When the idea is developed at length it is paid for at the rate of a cent or a cent and a half a word. Verse commands twenty-five cents a line, sometimes more. The old French forms are popular because no deduction is made for the refrain. The French forms are difficult to do if the rules of the game are followed; but as they seldom are, a "ballade" is as easy to turn out as the "When-the-syrup's-on-the-flapjack" variety of verse. The magazines are spotted with "ballades" which are really not ballades at all, neither in subject nor in form, the one being quite as important as the other. Sonnets were formerly restricted to fourteen lines, to say nothing of their contents; but if one is paid by the line, and the editor is not a purist, one might as well write a sonnet of twenty or thirty lines; and frequently one does. We may yet see the ten-line quatrain.

Only a Few Harvesters

Prices being good, as the trade of writing goes, one supposes an army of professional jokesmiths. On the contrary, the successful purveyors of comicalities are few in number, and commonly pursue the melancholy craft as an avocation. A Brooklyn man I call to mind earns twenty-five dollars or so a week by joke writing, but figures in the directory as being connected with a real-estate office. Another man in Minnesota, probably a respected citizen, leads this double life; his jokes are among the best in the market. It is upon such men, unknown for the most part to literary fame, grinding away daily on the side-splitting "He and She" dialogue, that the comic editor relies. If the jokesmith makes a practice of signing his output he comes to enjoy the deathless distinction of being pointed out as Mr. So-and-So, "who writes funny truck for the papers."

The comic paper illustration does not always explain the joke or verse attached; it is commonly the other way about: the illustrations are bought first, and farmed out to responsible jokemakers and versesmiths for explanatory text.

For example, the Brooklyn man above alluded to receives from the editor an illustration; he returns it with four jokes, and the editor selects the least atrocious.

Fallacies About Jokes

Many people think that the artist is also responsible for the joke. This is unjust. The artist in innumerable cases does not originate even the pictorial idea, nor the cartoonist the cartoon idea—which often is the only visible merit.

In the office of a comic paper a joke's a joke, although there's nothing in't. About once in six weeks the editor's grave features relax. His eyes have lighted on something like this:

> WILLIE PEEBLES: The horse was goin'——
> TEACHER: Don't forget your "g," Willie.
> WILLIE: Gee, the horse was goin'——

But seldom does the jokesmith succeed in "getting a rise" out of the editor if the latter has been long at his desk. Watching him going through a sheaf of "comics," one would say he was looking over the month's "Contes Melancholique," as Balzac termed them. To lighten his editorial labors, the editor of one comic paper used to send printed cards to his contributors, advising them of certain subjects on which jokes were *not* wanted: as, the mother-in-law, the refractory stovepipe, the "jag," etc. This helped a little.

Never before were jokes—good jokes—in such demand, and so hard to get, as now. Comic editors' safes are empty; staff writers pad the pages, because so little of the material that comes in is worth buying.

Any reader of this article who can turn good jokes can sell them. But one thing should be clearly understood at the outset: the expression is the thing. There are no new jokes, but there are still new ways of telling them. Individuality and a light wrist count for as much in jokesmithing as in the higher walks of literature.

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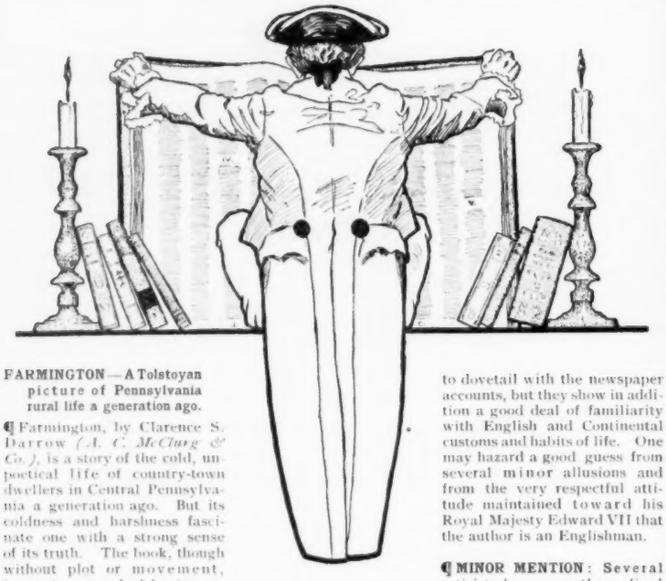

FARMINGTON — A Tolstoyan picture of Pennsylvania rural life a generation ago.

¶ Farmington, by Clarence S. Darrow *(A. C. McClurg & Co.)*, is a story of the cold, unpoetical life of country-town dwellers in Central Pennsylvania a generation ago. But its coldness and harshness fascinate one with a strong sense of its truth. The book, though without plot or movement, is most remarkable in one thing: style. The writer has a soul to reflect, and he has cast a reflection that is almost a shadow, for the book is sad without being gloomy. There is an insistent reminder of Tolstoy in the pictures made of Farmington, and the book will keep any thoughtful middle-aged reader up an hour past bedtime, and leave him to turn in with pensive dreams. Clarence Darrow, the author, is the leading Western exponent of what may be called Socialist Democracy. In Chicago, where he practices law, he has inherited much of the political following of the late John P. Altgeld, and is the connecting link between Bryan and Debs. But he is a sincere, scholarly man, and his speech nominating Hearst at the St. Louis Democratic Convention was the only real rabble-rouser delivered during the long night of stupid, formal garden oratory. Darrow is a man to play a great part in history if opportunity gives him the right setting and the right lines. He is strong, shrewd, indomitable, passionate and ruthless. His book shows that kind of a human soul at peace. The strength of the book, its sombre style, and its gripping power on the reader, escape analysis. It is strong as some dramatic scenes are strong upon an almost empty stage, where the action is going on outside. But when one knows the man Darrow one knows why the book is strong. The action off the stage has in some subtle way got into the style of the book, and though one does not know Darrow he feels that he is being held by something vital that he cannot explain.

— William Allen White.

HISTORY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN — The uninspired revelations of a post-mortem prophet.

¶ The most significant sentence in the book calling itself Secret History of To-day, Being Revelations of a Diplomatic Spy, by Allen Upward *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)*, is attributed to Guy de Maupassant, who once remarked that "it is necessary to preserve the anarchists in order to make modern history interesting." It was an unwary quotation for the author to make. For anarchist read diplomatic spy and it is a full confession. No doubt the secret service has a much more important part to play in European politics than we Americans can readily believe. The late President Thiers was informed that his secretary was an agent of the *brigade des recherches*, and urged to dismiss him. "I know it," he replied; "I want him where I can watch him."

The several tales which make up this volume tell why the Maine was blown up, what was behind the Czar's peace rescript, and otherwise give plausible explanations of the best advertised of recent international events. No one is going to be alarmed by these revelations. They are frank fiction cleverly cut to dovetail with the newspaper accounts, but they show in addition a good deal of familiarity with English and Continental customs and habits of life. One may hazard a good guess from several minor allusions and from the very respectful attitude maintained toward his Royal Majesty Edward VII that the author is an Englishman.

¶ **MINOR MENTION**: Several satirists have recently realized that the reading public is about ready for burlesques of the animal story, and in The Book of Clever Beasts *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)* Myrtle Reed has done the trick nimbly. Studies in Unnatural History is the subtitle which she has adequately supplied for her volume of beasts that never were, but which really ought to be, for, in point of fact, they are always quite as convincing and often more "natural" than the creations of those mere imitators whom she so cleverly satirizes. A good "animal story" is — a good story. But so is any other good story, and the writer of this delightfully amusing collection — which Peter Newell was "just naturally born" to illustrate — has undertaken to impress upon the minor "animal authors" the fact that enough is not only as good as, but far less palling than, a feast.

¶ **Strenuous Animals**, by Edwin J. Webster *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)*, is a collection of eight short stories in broad burlesque of the less plausible work of the school of nature lovers. The illustrations by Kemble and Adams are funnier than the text.

¶ **Everyman** did so much toward awakening interest in the mediæval miracle-play that one is more than prepared to see, especially at this season, The Star of Bethlehem *(Fox, Duffield & Co.)*, issued in pleasant form, "supplemented and adapted to modern conditions" by Charles Mills Gayley. This is the text employed, with more or less success, by Mr. Ben Greet and his company in their stage production about a year ago. It seems to follow as closely as may be the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth century forms, and preserves all the quaint, materialistic point of view, symbolism and poetic insight of the original. To say that the editor has done his work in a scholarly fashion is merely to say that he has accomplished this task as he has accomplished most others.

¶ **There are two things** for which Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont may nearly always be depended on: he generally has a story to tell, and he generally tells it better than his readers are likely to ask. In The Queen's Advocate *(Frederick A. Stokes & Co.)* he will not disappoint: the only wonder is that the royal tragedy of Servia, so obviously shaped to his ends, has not attracted him sooner. The hero — who is conveniently a Britisher born and an American millionaire by choice — rescues from kidnapers a beautiful woman who turns out to be a princess of the blood. How she becomes involved — and the Anglo-American with her — in the intrigues that ended in the slaughter of Alexander and Draga — not to mention her own marriage to the indomitable millionaire — is all spiritedly told with some grace and much sword-play. A good yarn for a long evening.

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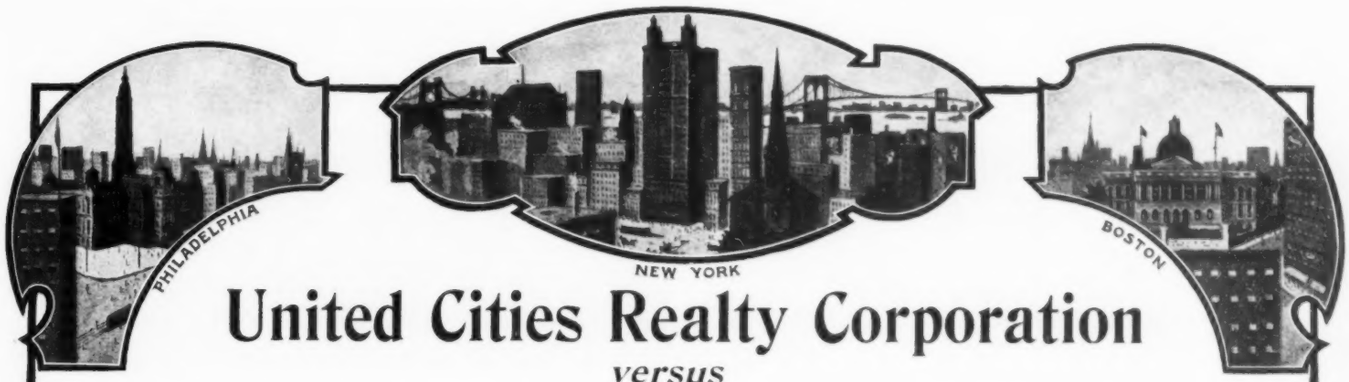

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versus

"Frenzied Finance"

EVERY ONE in the United States is reading with intense interest the story which is now running in one of the monthly magazines of the alleged use of the investment funds of the people by men at the head of great organizations for their own private purposes. While it is impossible to say to what extent the writer of these articles is actuated by selfish or revengeful motives—and it is unjust in the highest sense to include the management of all great institutions under the ban which he places upon a few—yet to those who are familiar with the movements of the times and the tremendous influence exerted by comparatively few men upon the finances of the country, the revelation—unsavory as it is—was unquestionably needed, and the financial world will be better for the moral cleansing process through which it is thus made to pass.

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Rose of the World

(Continued from Page 11)

the plait, while the figure before her maintained its sinister immobility. Then she leaned forward and slipped her arms around it in a close embrace.

"My angel, how cold you are! Only your cheeks are hot—hot."

"Don't kiss me," said Lady Gerardine. "You don't know what defilement you are holding."

"Dear aunt, come to bed."

"I was his, his consecrate—body and soul, and I gave myself to another."

"Oh, Aunt Rosamond," cried the girl with a sudden upspringing of tears, as a glimmering realization of the other's anguished mind broke upon her. "He is a happy spirit. He understands."

"It is you who cannot understand," angrily answered the woman. "Even in life he wrote: 'My flesh rebels against the thought.' It was the worst sting of death to him. And I never knew. Now I have lost him. I am lost."

Baby took the nerveless hands in hers and chafed them while her tears rolled slowly.

"Pray to God, dearest," she whispered. "He will help you."

Rosamond drew away her hand with a great cry:

"God? There is no God!"

"Oh, aunt!"

"Yes—there is, there is—a God of unsparing justice. Only a God could be so merciless and so just. It is just, it is just. I have sinned irremediably. I am punished forever. What can you—you child, you child—what can you know of my sin?"

"I know this," cried Baby, kneeling down and gathering the cowering form to her strong embrace; "that you are ill, that you don't know what you're saying. But God is mercy," sobbed Aspasia very reverently—she was shy of her religion, and spoke low, even amid her tears; "I know that God is mercy, and that those who are with Him must be merciful too."

"Do you cry for me, Baby?" said Lady Gerardine, a sort of wonder in her weary tones as the wet cheeks were pressed against her face. "I cannot cry for myself. I am beyond tears."

With this she suffered herself to be helped to rise, and made a feeble movement toward the bed.

At the sound of a closing door beneath, of steps on the stairs, she started violently and clutched the girl's arm.

"You will not let anybody in. . . . Nobody must come into my room—Aspasia—Aspasia!"

"No, no! The door is locked. Darling, don't be so frightened; how your teeth chatter! Aunt, I promise you shall be left in peace. I will watch. Can't you trust me? They'd better not!" she added convincingly, if vaguely.

The long, convulsive shudders continued even after Baby had coaxed her to bed and piled the bedclothes over her. She sat a long while by the sick woman, still rubbing the bloodless fingers, speaking soothingly from time to time. But Rosamond herself spoke no more.

At last silence fell upon the Old Ancient House. Steps ceased to resound along the echoing oak. Doors were definitely closed; even Lady Aspasia's pervading voice seemed to be hushed for the night. Then Lady Gerardine suddenly turned to her niece with something of her old gentle look.

"Go to bed, my child," she said. "Sleep, at least while you can. Your little face looks tired!"

"I'll sleep here with you if you'll have me," said Aspasia, softly kissing the hand she held.

"No, no," said the other. "I must be alone. I shall have Jani; she will watch. Good-night."

Poor, healthy Baby was in truth ready to tumble over with fatigue, and had found her head, to her own fierce displeasure, nodding portentously from time to time. She went forth with the uncertain gait of the sleep-drunken, but paused at the door to give Jani minute and repeated instructions, which the latter, vividly alert, received with undisguised scorn.

With much satisfaction the ayah reentered her mistress' room and locked the door upon her drowsy rival.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Other Side of Bribery

(Concluded from Page 5)

pocket nerve of a host of virtuous stockholders. As citizens they may burn with indignation, but the fire doesn't spread to the point where it imperils their dividends.

The greatest outburst of public wrath that ever occurred in Chicago in a like case came when Mr. Yerkes was carrying on his campaign at Springfield to get extensions of the street railroad franchises without the consent of the city. The newspapers flamed. Mass meetings were held. Leading and following citizens grew purple with denunciation. The stocks of the street railroads were widely scattered, held by all sorts and conditions of men. These stockholders collectively controlled the companies. They could have stopped the campaign or ousted Yerkes himself. But there was never a peep from them—as stockholders.

And at this same time an exceedingly melancholy thing happened. It transpired that some boodling was going on at St. Louis, and some gentlemen who had been prominent in condemning Yerkes were large stockholders in the St. Louis concern that was accused of handing out the boodle.

It was believed that this Springfield campaign would succeed, and that Yerkes would get his extensions. One with the price usually got what one wanted at Springfield. This, of course, would be a great advantage to the street railroads; and I should hate to say how many most honest stockholders I saw softly and contentedly stroking their whiskers as they watched the climbing quotations of their street railroad shares. Also there were many other good, respectable citizens who believed the attempt would succeed, that the legislature would be debauched and a great State shamed, and who thereupon promptly bought a couple of hundred shares of street railroad stock because it would be sure to go up at least twenty points if the crime was committed. I do recall one stockholder who had misgivings.

"I don't like it," he said. "This corruption is a bad thing. I shall sell my West Chicago if it goes to 125."

Sometimes even big business, with the most virtuous of intentions, is made to suffer grievously in its moral reputation because its confidence has been betrayed. I do not refer to the well-known cases in which wicked agents have spent their own money bribing people to vote for the corporation's bill against the wishes of the corporation and solely to bring their employers into disrepute. But, for example, I know a gas company that once thought to do good by employing the students in a theological seminary to go around monthly and read the meters of the company's patrons that the bills might be properly made out. There was great trouble and complaint, and an investigation disclosed that certain bright students had devised a scheme of averaging the bills, thereby saving, for the study of the moral law, much valuable time that they would have had to give up otherwise to running down cellarways and examining the stupid faces of gas meters.

I wish to deny—for the sake of variety if for no other reason—that "big business" is any more dishonest than little business or no business at all. It deals with the governmental conditions that it finds, and which the whole public creates, in very much the same way that the rest of us do.

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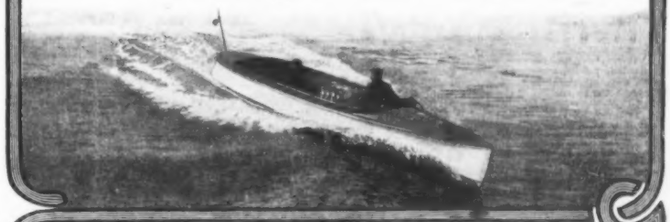

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Haverstraw, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1904. My colt had two bone spavins. "Save the Horse" cured lameness and took off the bunches. Used two bottles.
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TONTINE STABLES, 366 8th Ave., New York, Nov. 20, 1904. I had a nine year old stallion lame over a year. He was not worth $10. I used your "Save the Horse" and he has grown sound ever since. I have driven him twenty-five miles in one day and would not now take $250 for the animal.
WILLIAM MILLER.

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"Save the Horse" Permanently Cures Spavin, Ringbone except low Ringbone, Curb, Thoroughpin, Splint, Shoe Boil, Wind Puff, Injured Tendons and all lameness without a scar or loss of hair. Horse may work as usual.

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GEM INCUBATOR CO., Box 417, Dayton, Ohio

EN PASSANT

(Concluded from Page 3)

that gave him courage—and in his that gave her courage. . . . Besides, they were dreadfully hungry.

. . . . . .

"You refuse to tell me?"

"I do," she said. "If you have not wit enough to find out my name without betraying me to your sister you do not deserve to know my name—nor me."

It was nearly two o'clock, they had risen, and the gay little flowery table remained between them; the salad and duck were all gone. But the froth purred in their slim glasses, breaking musically in the candlelit silence.

"Will you tell me your name before I go?"

"I will not." Her bright eyes and fair young face defied him.

"Very well; as soon as I learn it I shall be more generous—for I have something to tell you; and I'll do it, too!"

"Are you sure you will?" she asked, flushing up.

"Yes, I am sure."

"I may not care to hear what you have to say, Mr. Seabury."

They regarded one another intently, curiously. Presently her slender hand fell as by accident on the stem of her wine-glass; he lifted his glass: very, very slowly. She raised hers, looking at him over it.

"To—what I shall tell you—when I learn your name!" he said deliberately.

Faint fire burned in her cheeks; her eyes were perilously sweet; in silence, still looking at one another, they drank the toast.

Smartweed and Ticklegrass

BY NIXON WATERMAN

How to Win Success

"How shall I win success in life?" the young man asked, whereat:
"Have push," replied the Button; "And a purr-puss," said the Cat.
"Find out the work you're sooted for," the Chimney-Sweeper said,
Just as the Match and Pin remarked: "And never lose your head."

"Aspire to grater, finer things," the Nutmeg cried. The Hoe
Said: "Don't fly off the handle"; and the Snail remarked: "Go slow."
"Be deaf to all that's told you," said the Adder. "'Mid the strife
I've found it best," remarked the Heart, "to beat my way through life."

"Select some proper task and then stick to it," said the Glue.
"Look pleasant," said the Camera; "And tied-y," said the Shoe.
"Have nerve!" exclaimed the Tooth. The Hill remarked: "Put up a bluff!"
"And keep cool," said the Ice, whereat the young man cried: "Enough!"

Helping Hands

We're all of us selfishly slow to confess
How much others aid us in winning success;
But the Fourth of July and the oyster must see
How stupid, without any crackers, they'd be!

A Highly-Colored Romance

So well-read he, it made him blue
To know she thought him green, and yet
He sought her hand, and now the two
Their secret keep in-violate.

The Athletic Collegian

He knows his football through and through;
His other books he skims.
He cuts the higher branches to
Improve the lower limbs.

A Banknote Ditty

There are tunes that are solemn and tunes that are gay,
And the terrible tunes that the hand-organs play;
But the tune that is best for the weary and sad
Is for-tune, a tune that makes every one glad.

A Postscript

When Adaline writes me a note of regard
Her cute postscript I dearly adore,
For it makes her whole letter seem sweeter and better
To have Adaline add a line more.

An office on wheels—the

OLDSMOBILE

¶ The practical everyday utility—a valuable factor in modern business—takes the "waits" out of life—saves time—eliminates distance. Winter or summer all roads and weather conditions are alike to the **Oldsmobile.** ¶ Starts from seat. Has large (5 gallon) water and gasoline capacity. New carburetor, more power with less fuel consumption. Hub brake controlled by foot lever. Convenient steering device. Two speeds forward and reverse. The car for the busy man of affairs, and equally serviceable to every member of the family. Why experiment? Buy a practical success.

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Oldsmobile Touring Runabout, 750
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¶ All prices f. o. b. factory. Address Dept. G.

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New Star Stropper, $1.50. Catalogue on request.

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A System of Education

In Practical Philosophy, Psychology, Human Nature and Logic as applied to Commerce and the Professions.

A Soliloquy

Build right for the New Year

¶ **In order to build right,** we must acquire new ideas of old things as well as acquire knowledge of what is new in the world about us, which will provoke ideas and help us to develop the power of initiative.

¶ To know one's self and to know more of human nature.

¶ To be able to make a practical application of business logic to our every day transactions.

¶ To systematically cultivate the mind by the study of the mind will fit any man for the larger places which the commercial world has to offer.

¶ When such knowledge is acquired, the matter of **dollars and cents** will appear as the **fruit of honest toil.**

¶ Any man can increase his income who really desires to, but he must acquire the knowledge of these fundamental facts and remember that increasing and permanent success is **not a matter of luck or chance,** but is governed by laws—natural laws, mental, moral, spiritual and physical.

¶ The Sheldon System links **failure and weakness** to **strength and success.**

¶ It bridges the gap between the **college man and life;** between the **salesman** and **all business men** and the largest successes.

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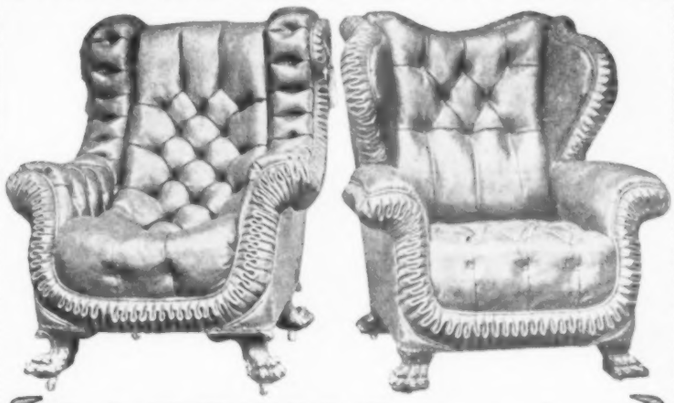

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